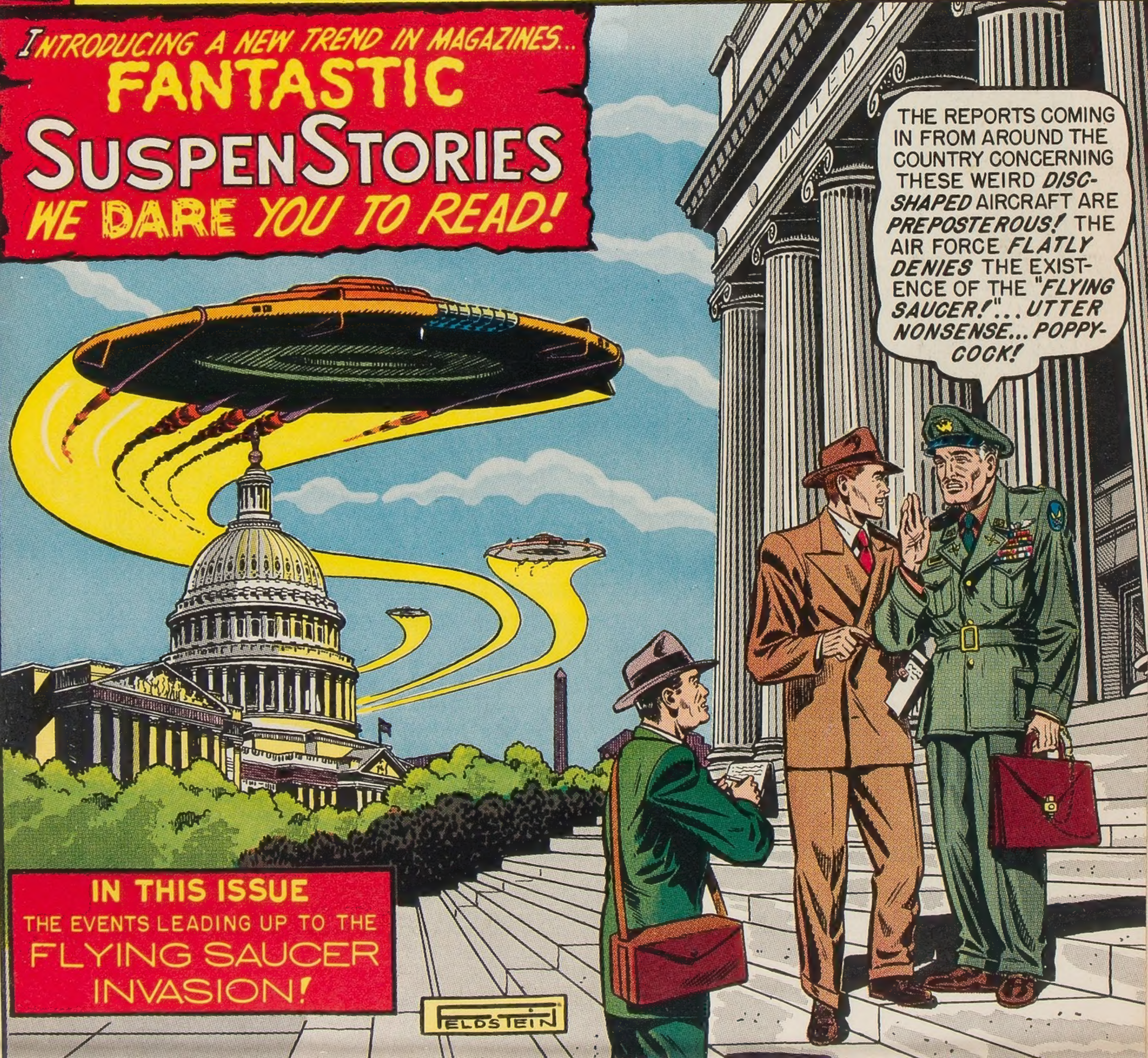
FANTASY

WEIRD SCIENCE

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NO. 13
JULY-AUG.
L.N.
AUTHORIZED A. C. M. P.
CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE
10¢

INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...
FANTASTIC
SUSPENSTORIES
WE DARE YOU TO READ!

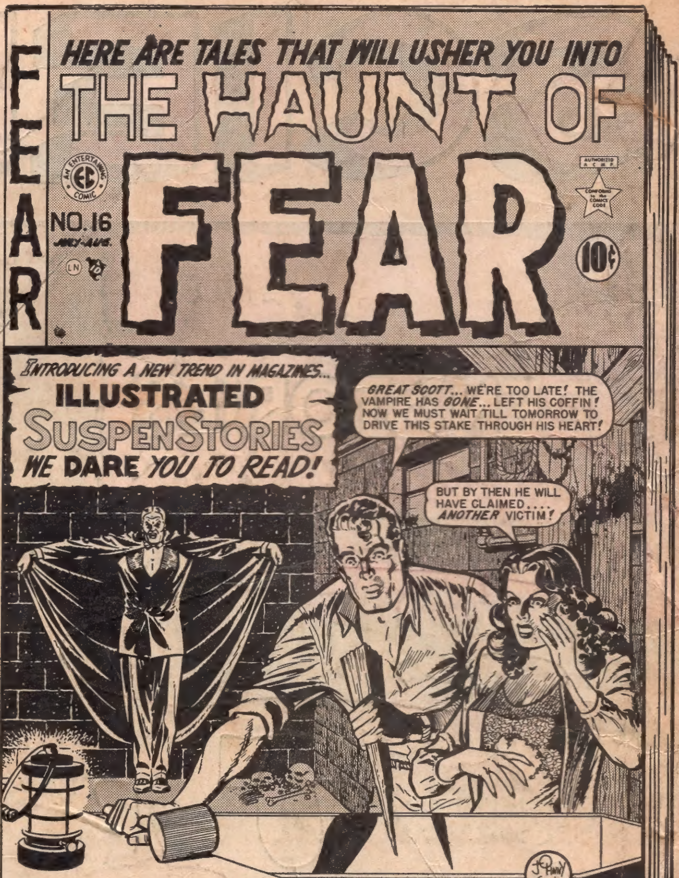

UNITED ST
THE REPORTS COMING IN FROM AROUND THE COUNTRY CONCERNING THESE WEIRD *DISC-SHAPED* AIRCRAFT ARE *PREPOSTEROUS!* THE AIR FORCE *FLATLY DENIES* THE EXISTENCE OF THE "*FLYING SAUCER!*"... *UTTER NONSENSE... POPPYCOCK!*
FELDSTEIN

IN THIS ISSUE
THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE
FLYING SAUCER
INVASION!

SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HORROR!
SUSPENSE!
TERROR!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST... *READ:*


FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC EC
NO. 16
JULY-AUG.
10¢
INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...
ILLUSTRATED SUSPENSTORIES WE DARE YOU TO READ!
GREAT SCOTT... WE'RE TOO LATE! THE VAMPIRE HAS GONE... LEFT HIS COFFIN! NOW WE MUST WAIT TILL TOMORROW TO DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART!
BUT BY THEN HE WILL HAVE CLAIMED.... ANOTHER VICTIM!
Johnny Craig

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

ANOTHER EC SURE-FIRE WINNER!

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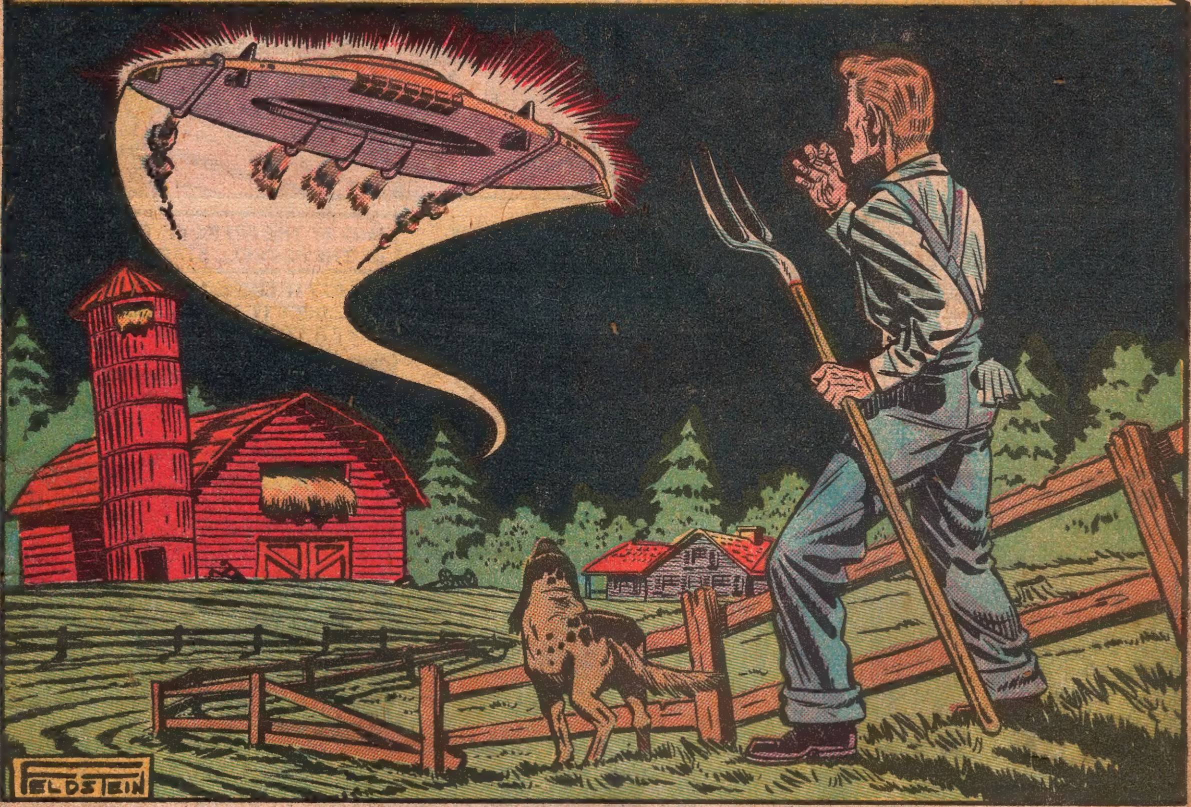
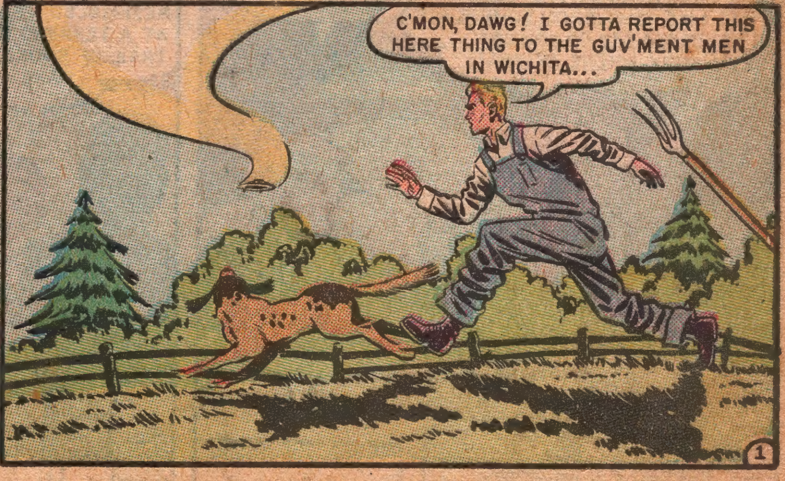
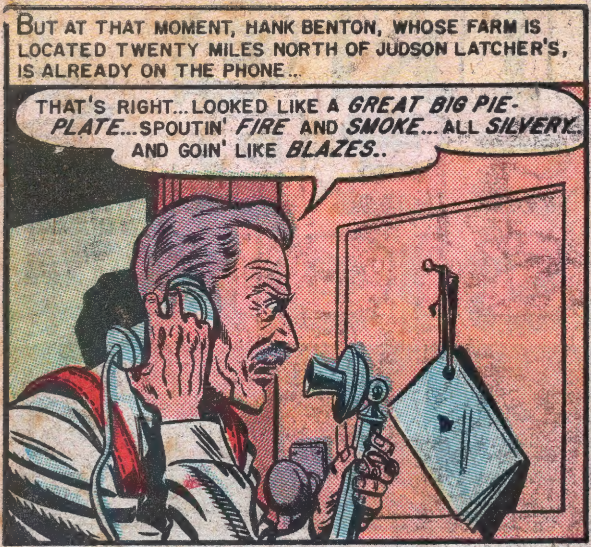
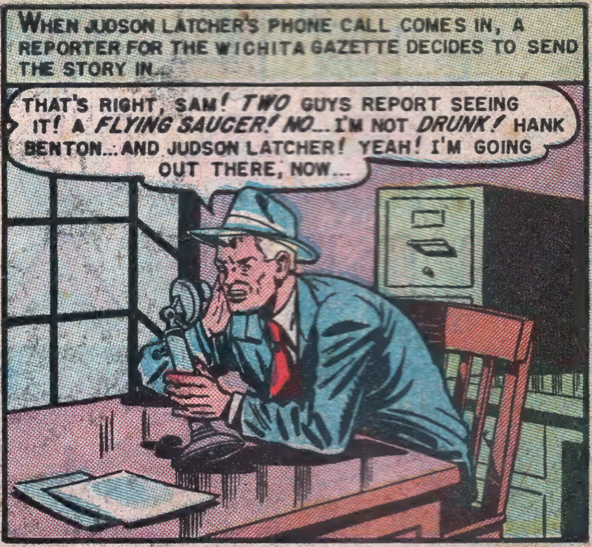
THE FLYING SAUCER INVASION

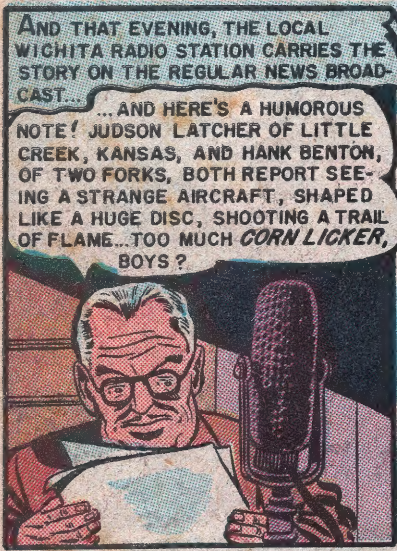


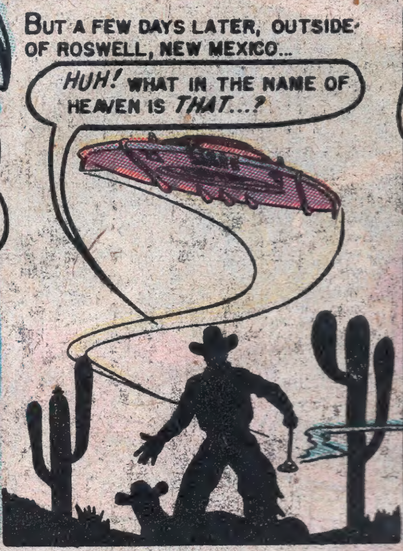
ON A SMALL FARM NEAR WICHITA, KANSAS, ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY IN 1948, JUDSON LATCHER LIFTS HIS EYES SKYWARD... AND MOPS HIS SWEATING BROW! WHAT HE SEES MAKES HIS JAW DROP... HIS MOUTH OPEN IN AMAZEMENT! THERE, STREAKING ACROSS THE CLOUDLESS BLUE, APPEARS THE *FIRST* OF THE PHENOMENON WHICH THE NATION LATER WILL COME TO KNOW AS THE FANTASTIC *FLYING SAUCERS!*

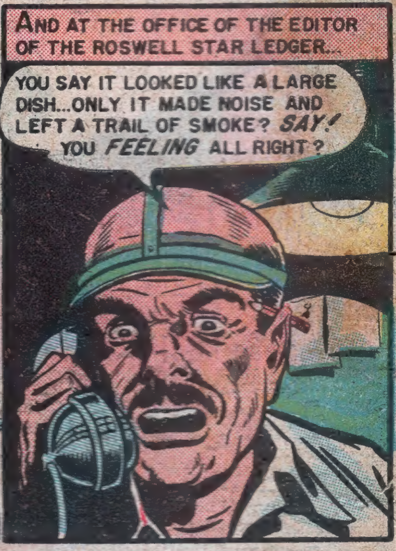

C'MON, DAWG! I GOTTA REPORT THIS HERE THING TO THE GUV'MENT MEN IN WICHITA...

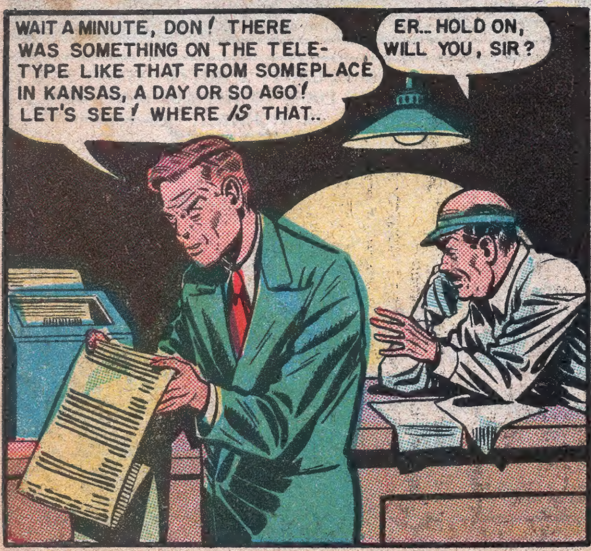

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, HANK BENTON, WHOSE FARM IS LOCATED TWENTY MILES NORTH OF JUDSON LATCHER'S, IS ALREADY ON THE PHONE...
THAT'S RIGHT... LOOKED LIKE A *GREAT BIG PIE-PLATE*... SPOUTIN' *FIRE* AND *SMOKE*... ALL *SILVERY*.. AND GOIN' LIKE *BLAZES*..

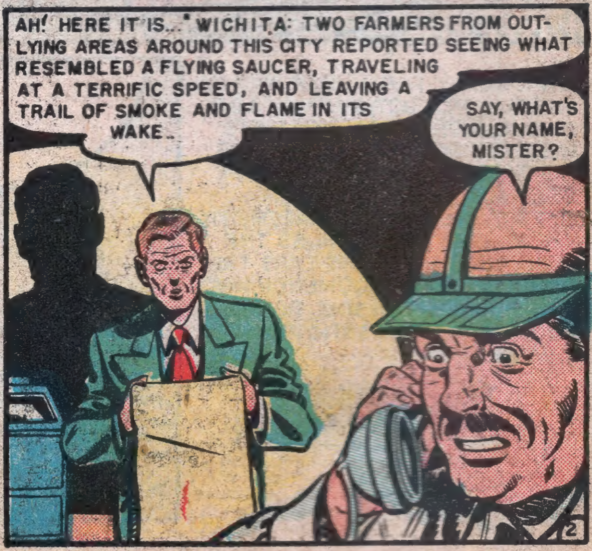

WHEN JUDSON LATCHER'S PHONE CALL COMES IN, A REPORTER FOR THE WICHITA GAZETTE DECIDES TO SEND THE STORY IN...
THAT'S RIGHT, SAM! *TWO* GUYS REPORT SEEING IT! A *FLYING SAUCER! NO*... I'M NOT *DRUNK!* HANK BENTON... AND JUDSON LATCHER! YEAH! I'M GOING OUT THERE, NOW...

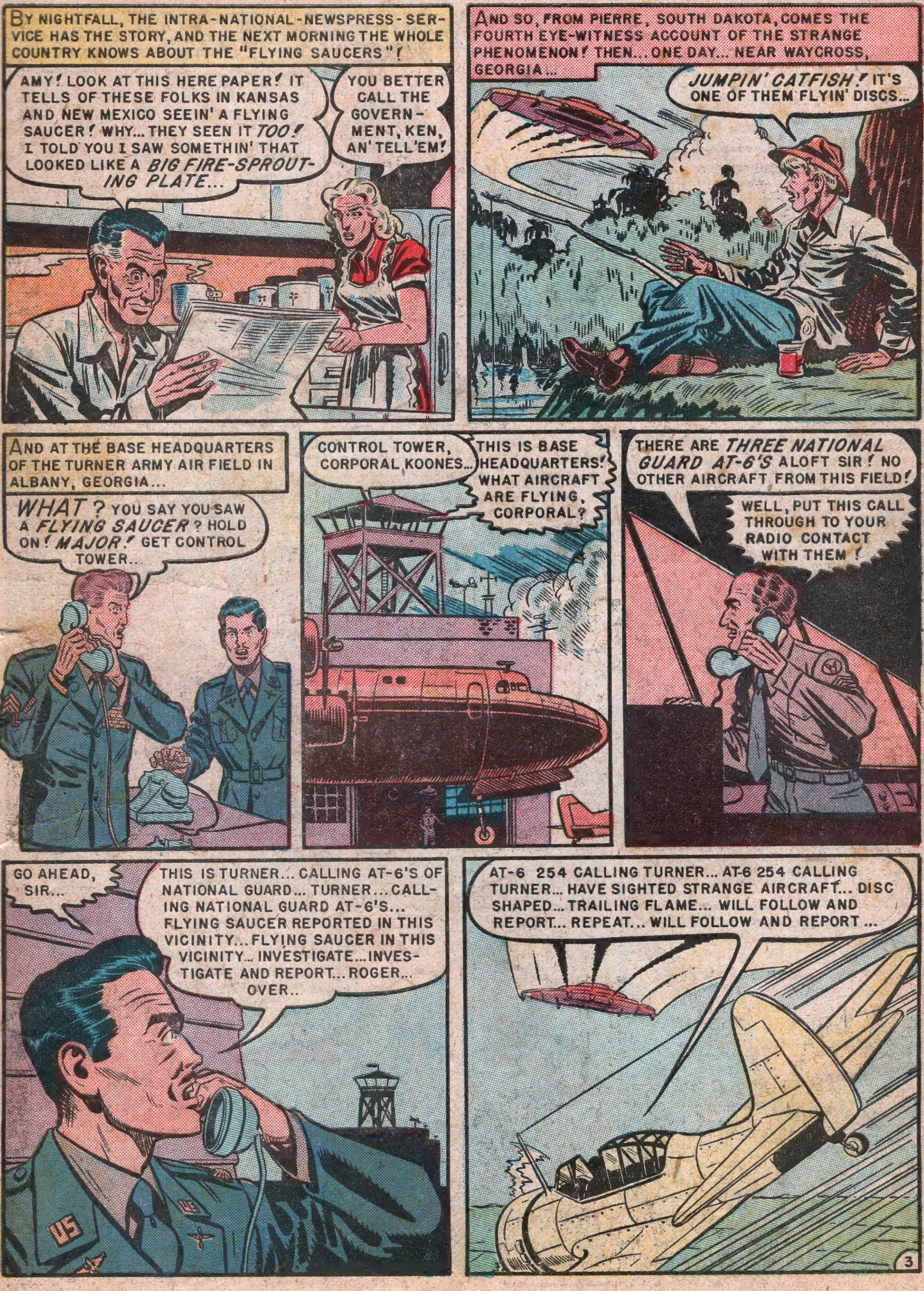

AND THAT EVENING, THE LOCAL WICHITA RADIO STATION CARRIES THE STORY ON THE REGULAR NEWS BROADCAST...
... AND HERE'S A HUMOROUS NOTE! JUDSON LATCHER OF LITTLE CREEK, KANSAS, AND HANK BENTON, OF TWO FORKS, BOTH REPORT SEEING A STRANGE AIRCRAFT, SHAPED LIKE A HUGE DISC, SHOOTING A TRAIL OF FLAME... TOO MUCH *CORN LICKER*, BOYS?

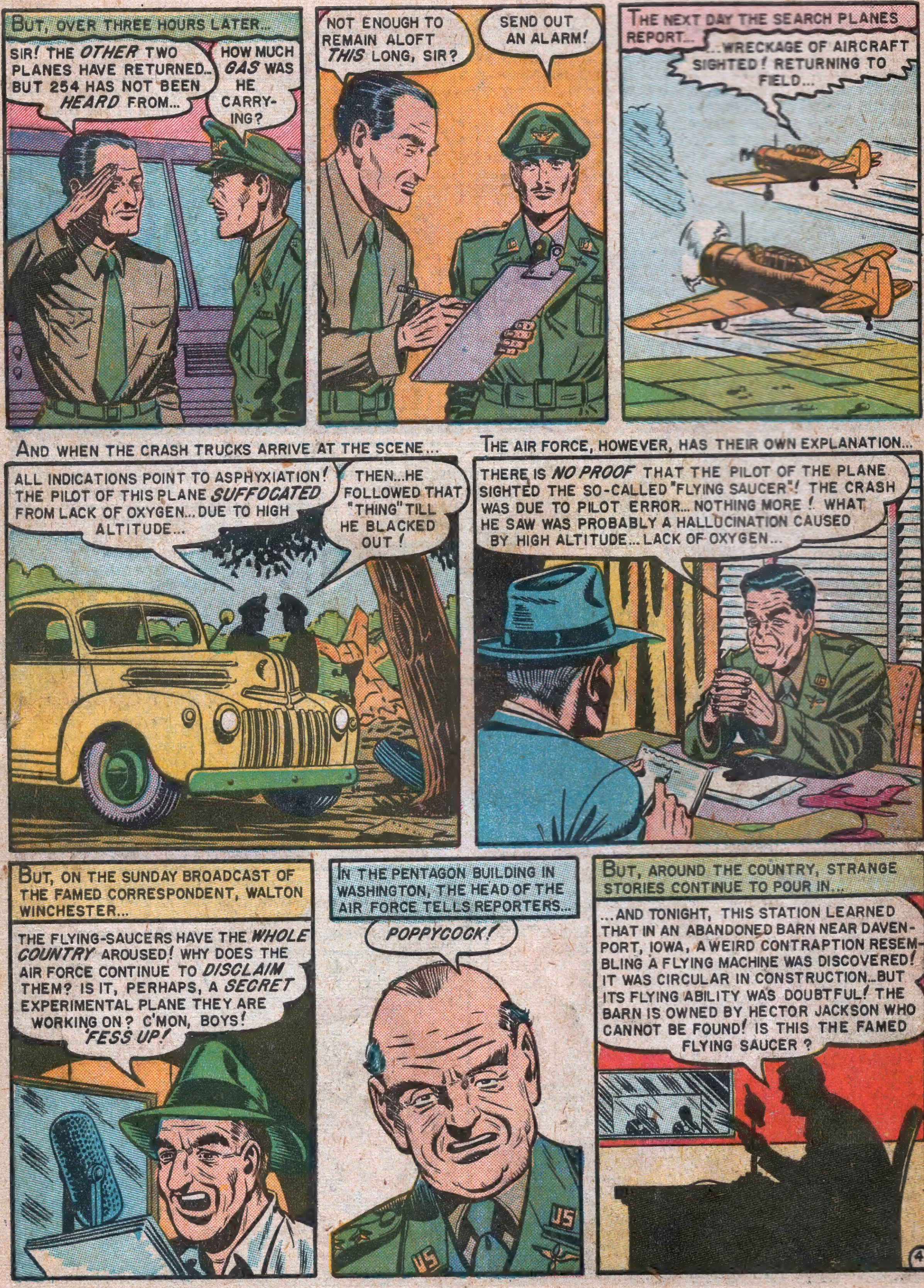

BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, OUTSIDE OF ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO...
HUH! WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN IS *THAT*...?

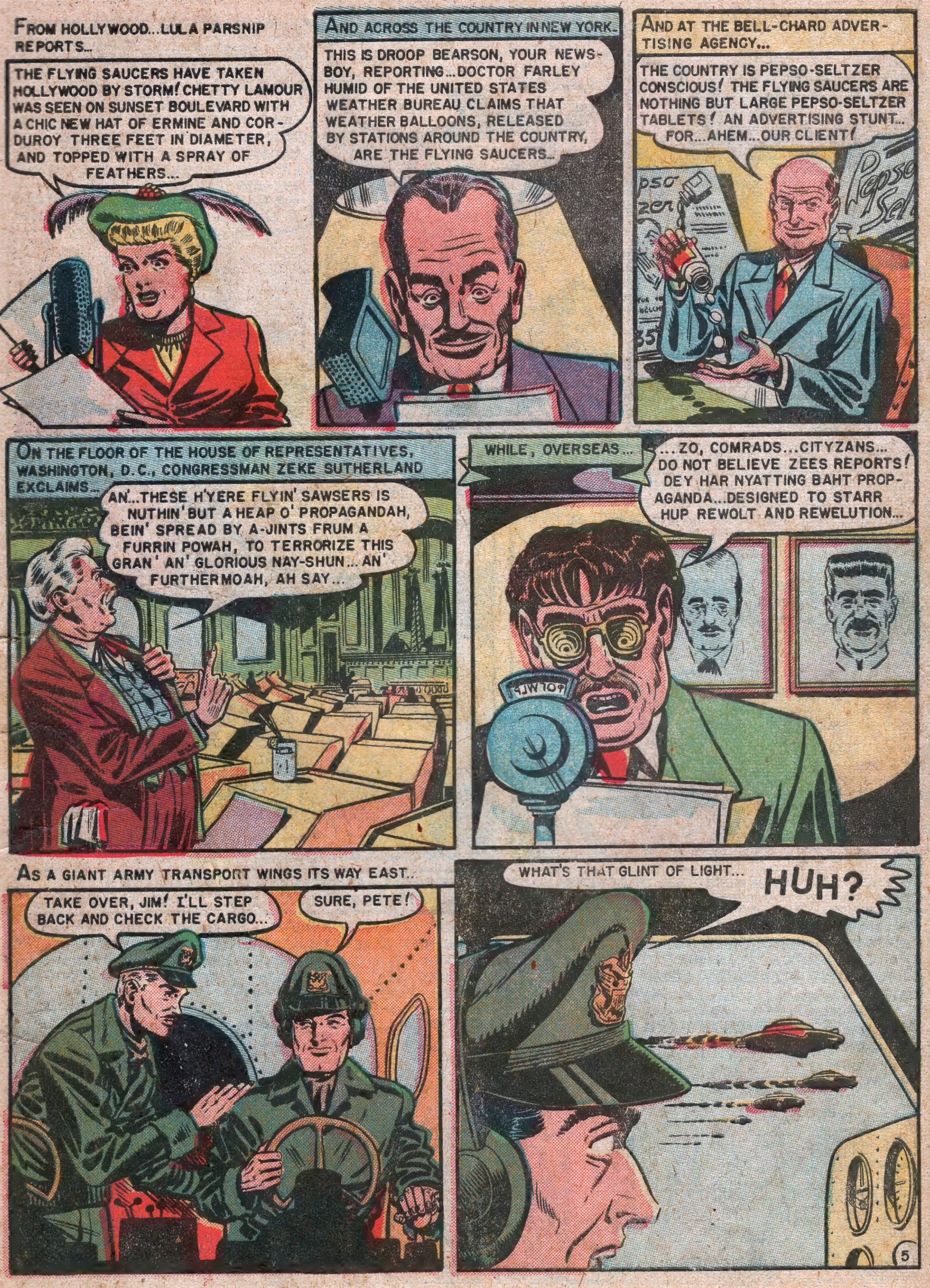

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR OF THE ROSWELL STAR LEDGER...
YOU SAY IT LOOKED LIKE A LARGE DISH... ONLY IT MADE NOISE AND LEFT A TRAIL OF SMOKE? *SAY!* YOU *FEELING* ALL RIGHT?

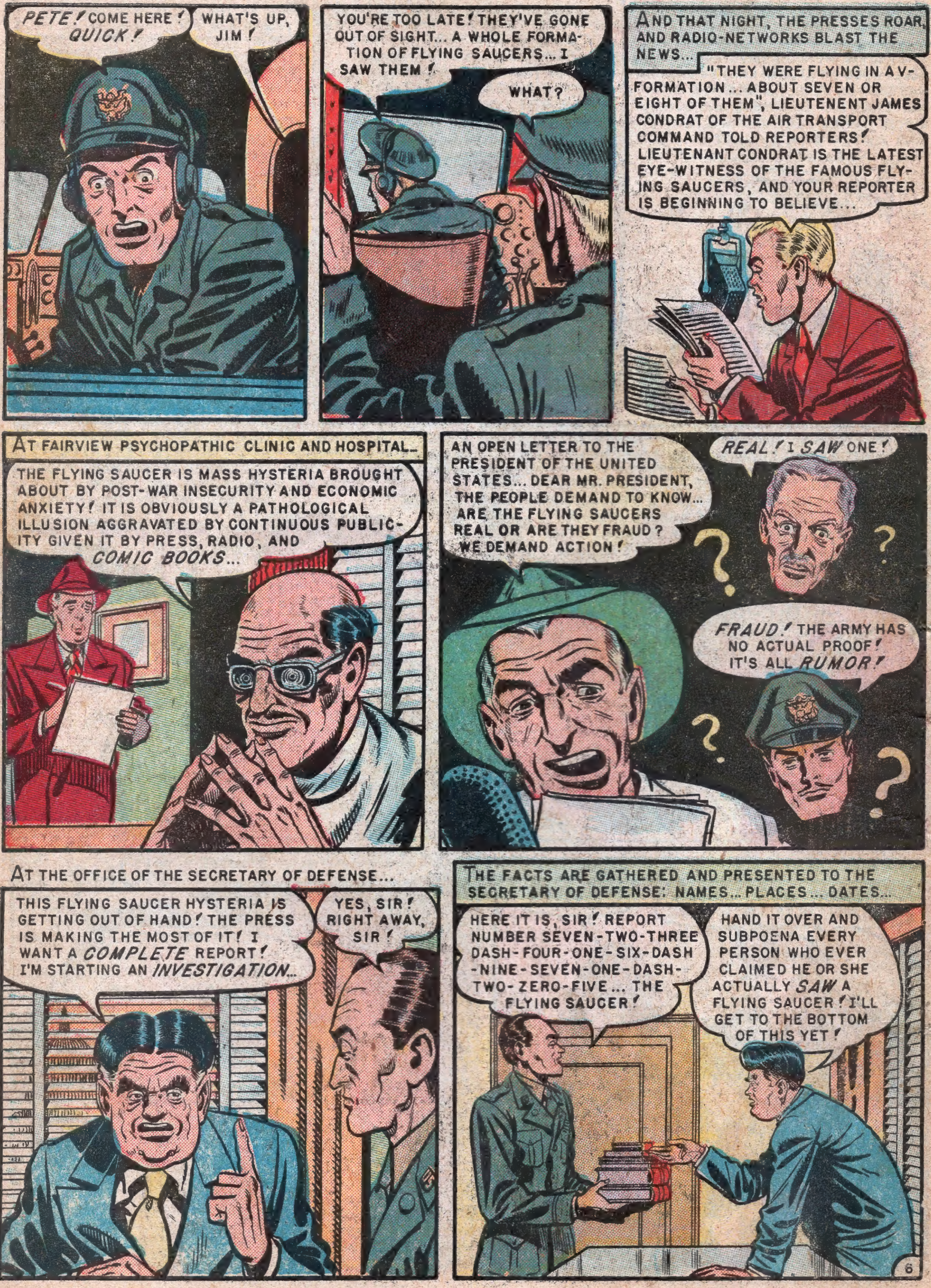

WAIT A MINUTE, DON! THERE WAS SOMETHING ON THE TELETYPE LIKE THAT FROM SOMEPLACE IN KANSAS, A DAY OR SO AGO! LET'S SEE! WHERE *IS* THAT..
ER... HOLD ON, WILL YOU, SIR?

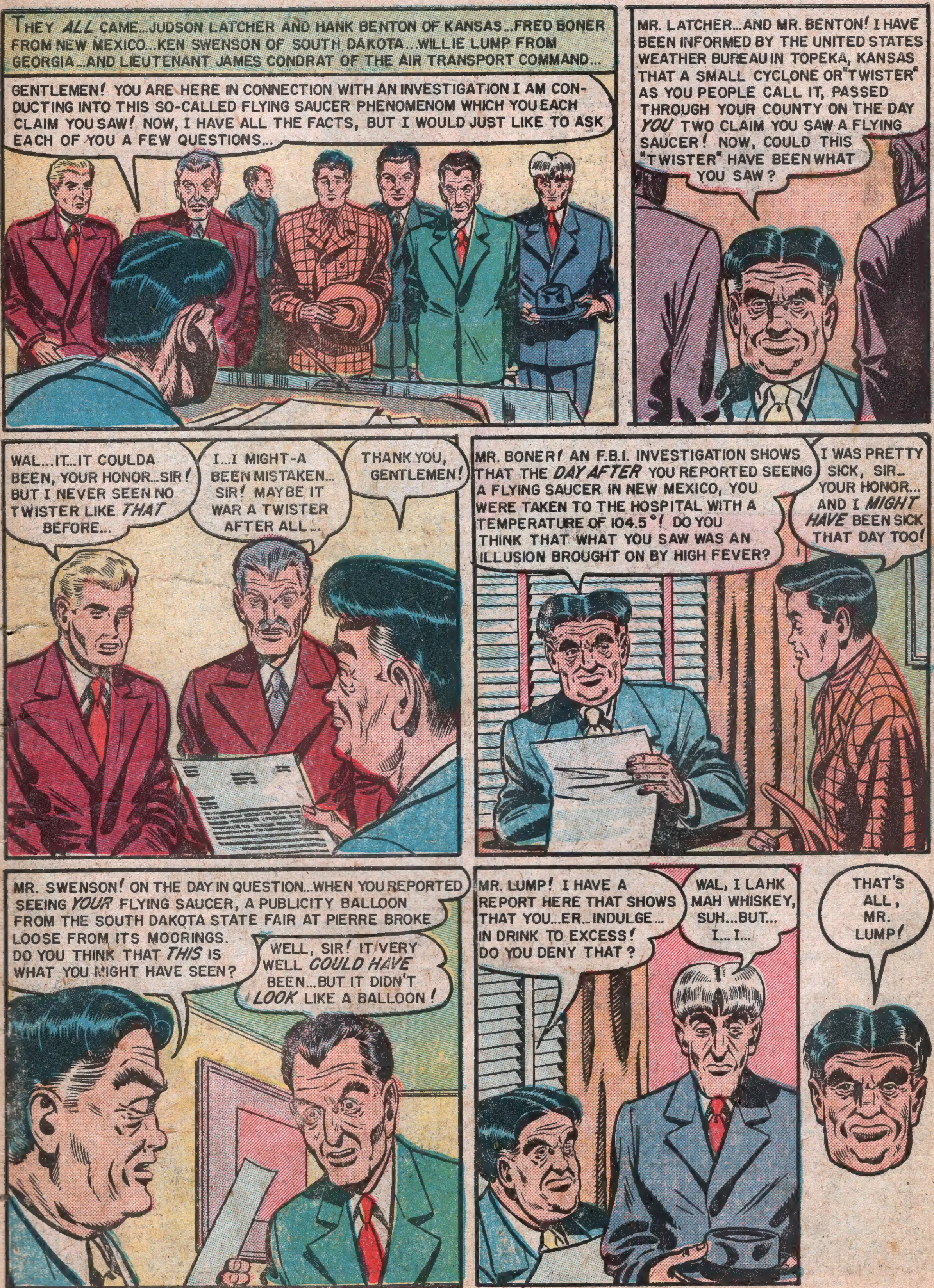

AH! HERE IT IS...' WICHITA: TWO FARMERS FROM OUTLYING AREAS AROUND THIS CITY REPORTED SEEING WHAT RESEMBLED A FLYING SAUCER, TRAVELING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, AND LEAVING A TRAIL OF SMOKE AND FLAME IN ITS WAKE..
SAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MISTER?

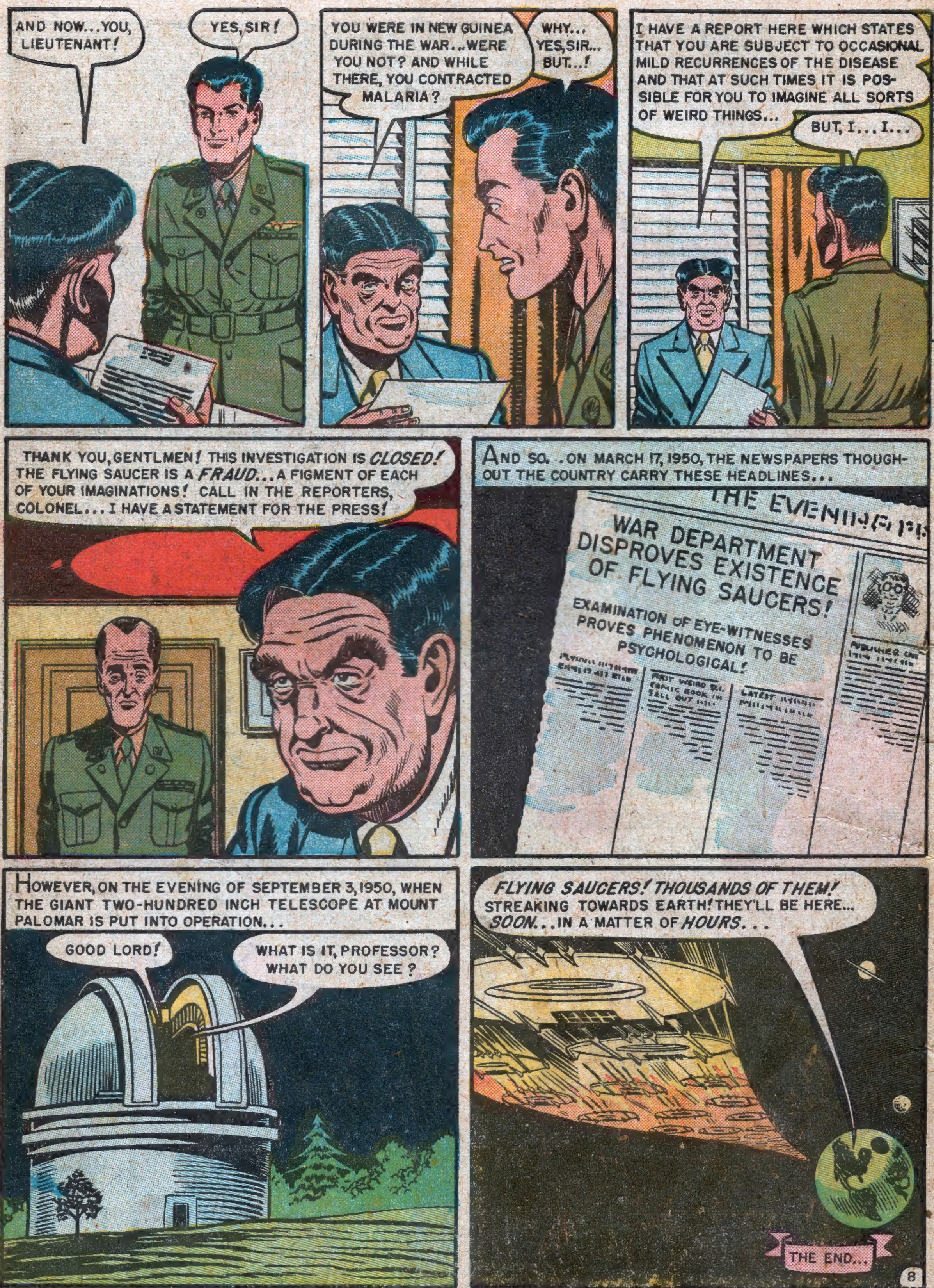

By nightfall, the intra-national-newspress-service has the story, and the next morning the whole country knows about the "flying saucers"!
AMY! LOOK AT THIS HERE PAPER! IT TELLS OF THESE FOLKS IN KANSAS AND NEW MEXICO SEEIN' A FLYING SAUCER! WHY... THEY SEEN IT *TOO!* I TOLD YOU I SAW SOMETHIN' THAT LOOKED LIKE A *BIG FIRE-SPROUTING PLATE*...
YOU BETTER CALL THE GOVERNMENT, KEN, AN' TELL'EM!
And so, from Pierre, South Dakota, comes the fourth eye-witness account of the strange phenomenon! Then... one day... near Waycross, Georgia...
JUMPIN' CATFISH! IT'S ONE OF THEM FLYIN' DISCS...
And at the base headquarters of the Turner Army Air Field in Albany, Georgia...
WHAT? YOU SAY YOU SAW A *FLYING SAUCER?* HOLD ON! *MAJOR!* GET CONTROL TOWER...
CONTROL TOWER, CORPORAL KOONES...
THIS IS BASE HEADQUARTERS! WHAT AIRCRAFT ARE FLYING, CORPORAL?
THERE ARE *THREE NATIONAL GUARD AT-6'S* ALOFT SIR! NO OTHER AIRCRAFT FROM THIS FIELD!
WELL, PUT THIS CALL THROUGH TO YOUR RADIO CONTACT WITH THEM!
GO AHEAD, SIR...
THIS IS TURNER... CALLING AT-6'S OF NATIONAL GUARD... TURNER... CALLING NATIONAL GUARD AT-6'S... FLYING SAUCER REPORTED IN THIS VICINITY... FLYING SAUCER IN THIS VICINITY... INVESTIGATE... INVESTIGATE AND REPORT... ROGER... OVER..
AT-6 254 CALLING TURNER... AT-6 254 CALLING TURNER... HAVE SIGHTED STRANGE AIRCRAFT... DISC SHAPED... TRAILING FLAME... WILL FOLLOW AND REPORT... REPEAT... WILL FOLLOW AND REPORT...
US


BUT, OVER THREE HOURS LATER...
SIR! THE *OTHER* TWO PLANES HAVE RETURNED... BUT 254 HAS NOT BEEN *HEARD* FROM...
HOW MUCH *GAS* WAS HE CARRYING?
NOT ENOUGH TO REMAIN ALOFT *THIS* LONG, SIR?
SEND OUT AN ALARM!
THE NEXT DAY THE SEARCH PLANES REPORT...
...WRECKAGE OF AIRCRAFT SIGHTED! RETURNING TO FIELD...
AND WHEN THE CRASH TRUCKS ARRIVE AT THE SCENE...
ALL INDICATIONS POINT TO ASPHYXIATION! THE PILOT OF THIS PLANE *SUFFOCATED* FROM LACK OF OXYGEN... DUE TO HIGH ALTITUDE...
THEN...HE FOLLOWED THAT "THING" TILL HE BLACKED OUT!
THE AIR FORCE, HOWEVER, HAS THEIR OWN EXPLANATION...
THERE IS *NO PROOF* THAT THE PILOT OF THE PLANE SIGHTED THE SO-CALLED "FLYING SAUCER"! THE CRASH WAS DUE TO PILOT ERROR... NOTHING MORE! WHAT HE SAW WAS PROBABLY A HALLUCINATION CAUSED BY HIGH ALTITUDE... LACK OF OXYGEN...
BUT, ON THE SUNDAY BROADCAST OF THE FAMED CORRESPONDENT, WALTON WINCHESTER...
THE FLYING-SAUCERS HAVE THE *WHOLE COUNTRY* AROUSED! WHY DOES THE AIR FORCE CONTINUE TO *DISCLAIM* THEM? IS IT, PERHAPS, A *SECRET* EXPERIMENTAL PLANE THEY ARE WORKING ON? C'MON, BOYS! *'FESS UP!*
IN THE PENTAGON BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, THE HEAD OF THE AIR FORCE TELLS REPORTERS...
POPPYCOCK!
US
US
BUT, AROUND THE COUNTRY, STRANGE STORIES CONTINUE TO POUR IN...
...AND TONIGHT, THIS STATION LEARNED THAT IN AN ABANDONED BARN NEAR DAVENPORT, IOWA, A WEIRD CONTRAPTION RESEMBLING A FLYING MACHINE WAS DISCOVERED! IT WAS CIRCULAR IN CONSTRUCTION...BUT ITS FLYING ABILITY WAS DOUBTFUL! THE BARN IS OWNED BY HECTOR JACKSON WHO CANNOT BE FOUND! IS THIS THE FAMED FLYING SAUCER?


FROM HOLLYWOOD...LULA PARSNIP REPORTS...
THE FLYING SAUCERS HAVE TAKEN HOLLYWOOD BY STORM! CHETTY LAMOUR WAS SEEN ON SUNSET BOULEVARD WITH A CHIC NEW HAT OF ERMINE AND CORDUROY THREE FEET IN DIAMETER, AND TOPPED WITH A SPRAY OF FEATHERS...
AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY IN NEW YORK...
THIS IS DROOP BEARSON, YOUR NEWSBOY, REPORTING...DOCTOR FARLEY HUMID OF THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU CLAIMS THAT WEATHER BALLOONS, RELEASED BY STATIONS AROUND THE COUNTRY, ARE THE FLYING SAUCERS...
AND AT THE BELL-CHARD ADVERTISING AGENCY...
THE COUNTRY IS PEPSO-SELTZER CONSCIOUS! THE FLYING SAUCERS ARE NOTHING BUT LARGE PEPSO-SELTZER TABLETS! AN ADVERTISING STUNT... FOR...AHEM...OUR CLIENT!
PSO ZER
Pepso Selt
35¢
ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D.C., CONGRESSMAN ZEKE SUTHERLAND EXCLAIMS...
AN'...THESE H'YERE FLYIN' SAWSERS IS NUTHIN' BUT A HEAP O' PROPAGANDAH, BEIN' SPREAD BY A-JINTS FROM A FURRIN POWAH, TO TERRORIZE THIS GRAN' AN' GLORIOUS NAY-SHUN... AN' FURTHERMOAH, AH SAY...
WHILE, OVERSEAS...
...ZO, COMRADS...CITYZANS... DO NOT BELIEVE ZEES REPORTS! DEY HAR NYATTING BAHT PROPAGANDA...DESIGNED TO STARR HUP REWOLT AND REWELUTION...
AS A GIANT ARMY TRANSPORT WINGS ITS WAY EAST...
TAKE OVER, JIM! I'LL STEP BACK AND CHECK THE CARGO...
SURE, PETE!
WHAT'S THAT GLINT OF LIGHT...
HUH?

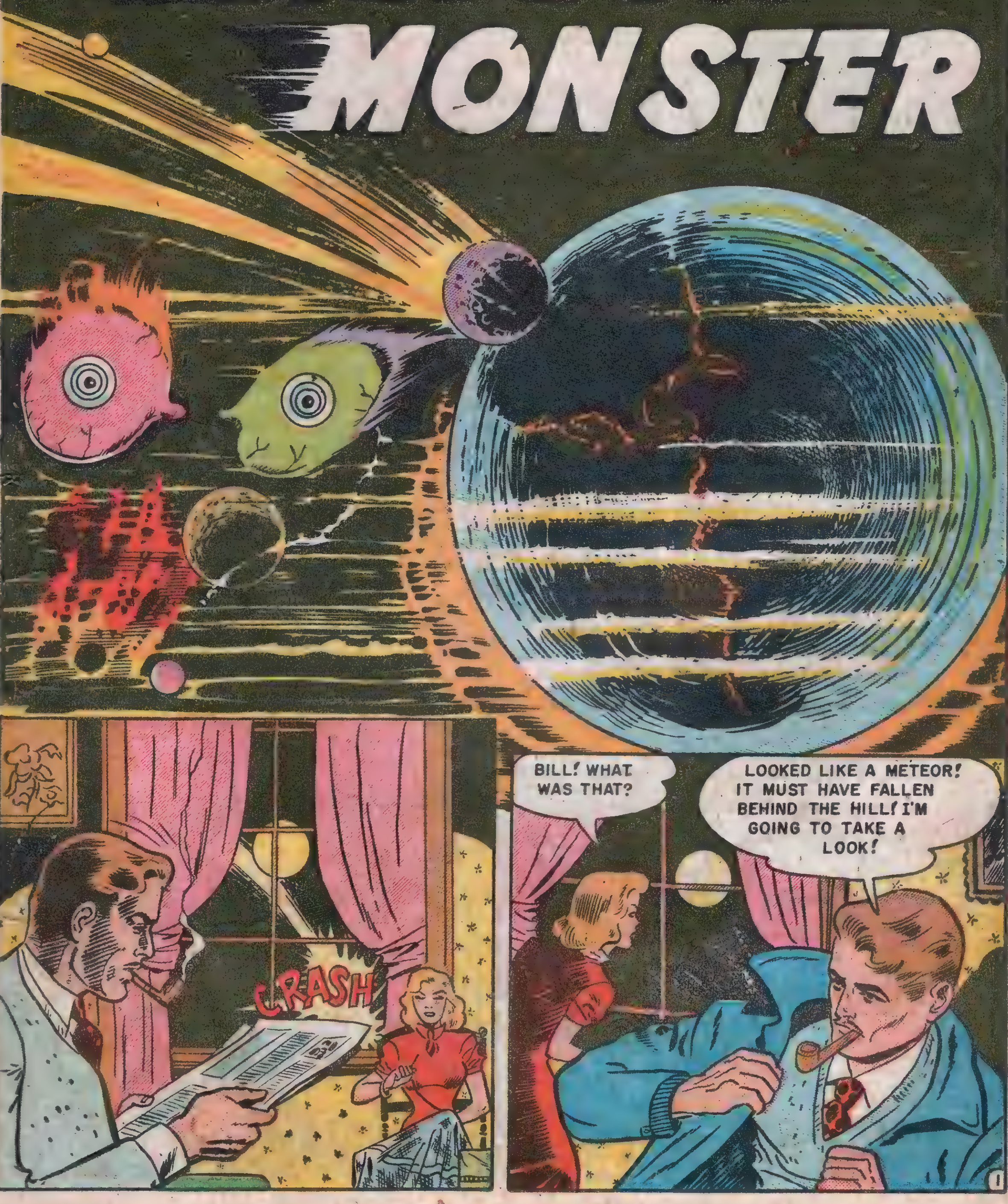

PETE! COME HERE! QUICK!
WHAT'S UP, JIM!
YOU'RE TOO LATE! THEY'VE GONE OUT OF SIGHT... A WHOLE FORMATION OF FLYING SAUCERS... I SAW THEM!
WHAT?
AND THAT NIGHT, THE PRESSES ROAR, AND RADIO-NETWORKS BLAST THE NEWS...
"THEY WERE FLYING IN A V-FORMATION... ABOUT SEVEN OR EIGHT OF THEM", LIEUTENENT JAMES CONDRAT OF THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND TOLD REPORTERS! LIEUTENANT CONDRAT IS THE LATEST EYE-WITNESS OF THE FAMOUS FLYING SAUCERS, AND YOUR REPORTER IS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE...
AT FAIRVIEW PSYCHOPATHIC CLINIC AND HOSPITAL...
THE FLYING SAUCER IS MASS HYSTERIA BROUGHT ABOUT BY POST-WAR INSECURITY AND ECONOMIC ANXIETY! IT IS OBVIOUSLY A PATHOLOGICAL ILLUSION AGGRAVATED BY CONTINUOUS PUBLICITY GIVEN IT BY PRESS, RADIO, AND *COMIC BOOKS*...
AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES... DEAR MR. PRESIDENT, THE PEOPLE DEMAND TO KNOW... ARE THE FLYING SAUCERS REAL OR ARE THEY FRAUD? WE DEMAND ACTION!
REAL! I *SAW* ONE!
FRAUD! THE ARMY HAS NO ACTUAL PROOF! IT'S ALL *RUMOR!*
AT THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE...
THIS FLYING SAUCER HYSTERIA IS GETTING OUT OF HAND! THE PRESS IS MAKING THE MOST OF IT! I WANT A *COMPLETE* REPORT! I'M STARTING AN *INVESTIGATION*...
YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!
THE FACTS ARE GATHERED AND PRESENTED TO THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE: NAMES... PLACES... DATES...
HERE IT IS, SIR! REPORT NUMBER SEVEN-TWO-THREE DASH-FOUR-ONE-SIX-DASH-NINE-SEVEN-ONE-DASH-TWO-ZERO-FIVE... THE FLYING SAUCER!
HAND IT OVER AND SUBPOENA EVERY PERSON WHO EVER CLAIMED HE OR SHE ACTUALLY *SAW* A FLYING SAUCER! I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS YET!

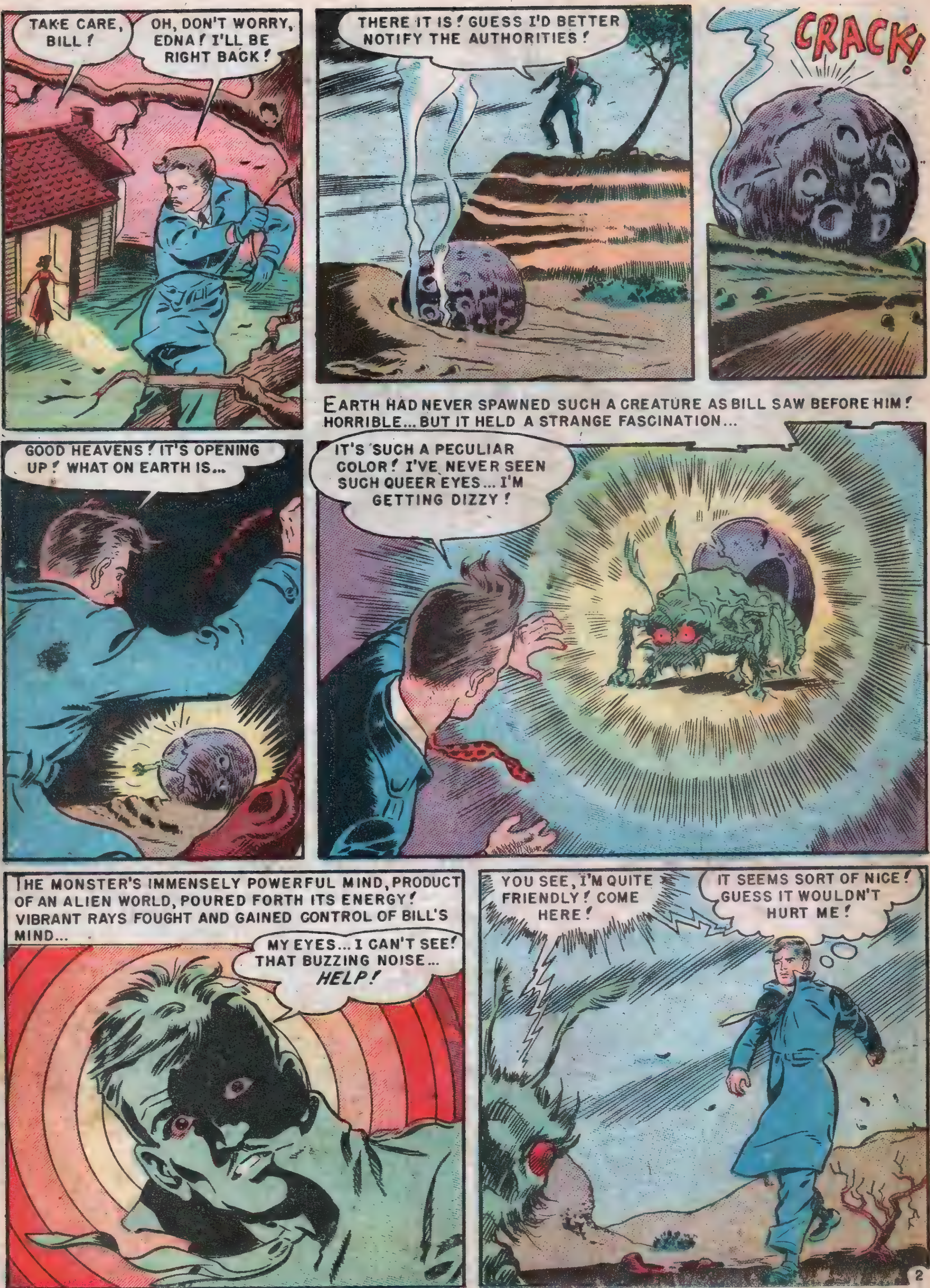

THEY ALL CAME...JUDSON LATCHER AND HANK BENTON OF KANSAS...FRED BONER FROM NEW MEXICO...KEN SWENSON OF SOUTH DAKOTA...WILLIE LUMP FROM GEORGIA...AND LIEUTENANT JAMES CONDRAT OF THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND...
GENTLEMEN! YOU ARE HERE IN CONNECTION WITH AN INVESTIGATION I AM CONDUCTING INTO THIS SO-CALLED FLYING SAUCER PHENOMENOM WHICH YOU EACH CLAIM YOU SAW! NOW, I HAVE ALL THE FACTS, BUT I WOULD JUST LIKE TO ASK EACH OF YOU A FEW QUESTIONS...
MR. LATCHER...AND MR. BENTON! I HAVE BEEN INFORMED BY THE UNITED STATES WEATHER BUREAU IN TOPEKA, KANSAS THAT A SMALL CYCLONE OR "TWISTER" AS YOU PEOPLE CALL IT, PASSED THROUGH YOUR COUNTY ON THE DAY YOU TWO CLAIM YOU SAW A FLYING SAUCER! NOW, COULD THIS "TWISTER" HAVE BEEN WHAT YOU SAW?
WAL....IT...IT COULDA BEEN, YOUR HONOR...SIR! BUT I NEVER SEEN NO TWISTER LIKE THAT BEFORE...
I...I MIGHT-A BEEN MISTAKEN... SIR! MAYBE IT WAR A TWISTER AFTER ALL...
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!
MR. BONER! AN F.B.I. INVESTIGATION SHOWS THAT THE DAY AFTER YOU REPORTED SEEING A FLYING SAUCER IN NEW MEXICO, YOU WERE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A TEMPERATURE OF 104.5°! DO YOU THINK THAT WHAT YOU SAW WAS AN ILLUSION BROUGHT ON BY HIGH FEVER?
I WAS PRETTY SICK, SIR... YOUR HONOR... AND I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SICK THAT DAY TOO!
MR. SWENSON! ON THE DAY IN QUESTION...WHEN YOU REPORTED SEEING YOUR FLYING SAUCER, A PUBLICITY BALLOON FROM THE SOUTH DAKOTA STATE FAIR AT PIERRE BROKE LOOSE FROM ITS MOORINGS. DO YOU THINK THAT THIS IS WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN?
WELL, SIR! IT VERY WELL COULD HAVE BEEN...BUT IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A BALLOON!
MR. LUMP! I HAVE A REPORT HERE THAT SHOWS THAT YOU...ER...INDULGE... IN DRINK TO EXCESS! DO YOU DENY THAT?
WAL, I LAHK MAH WHISKEY, SUH...BUT... I... I...
THAT'S ALL, MR. LUMP!

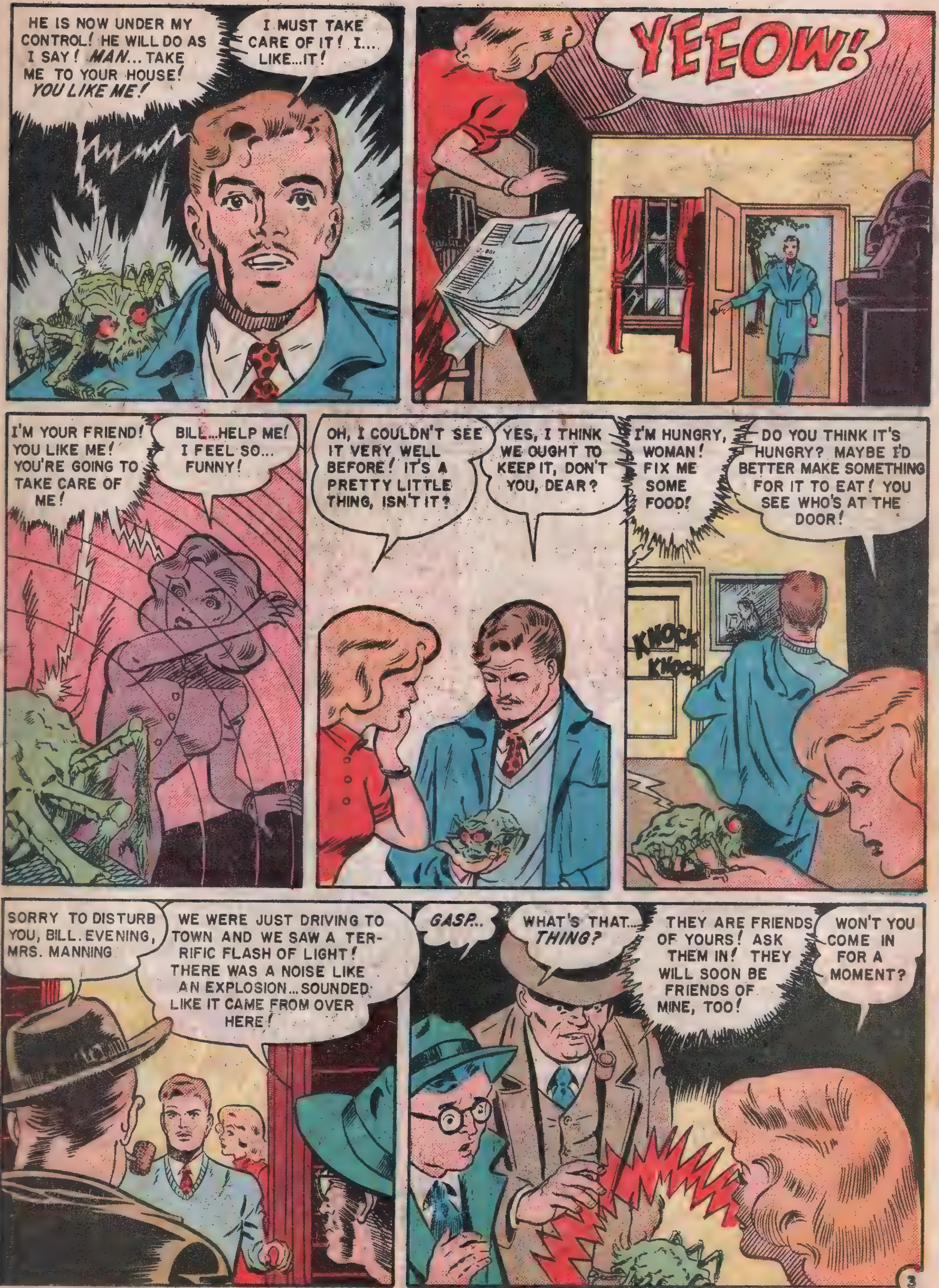

AND NOW...YOU, LIEUTENANT!
YES, SIR!
YOU WERE IN NEW GUINEA DURING THE WAR...WERE YOU NOT? AND WHILE THERE, YOU CONTRACTED MALARIA?
WHY... YES, SIR... BUT...!
I HAVE A REPORT HERE WHICH STATES THAT YOU ARE SUBJECT TO OCCASIONAL MILD RECURRENCES OF THE DISEASE AND THAT AT SUCH TIMES IT IS POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO IMAGINE ALL SORTS OF WEIRD THINGS...
BUT, I... I...
THANK YOU, GENTLMEN! THIS INVESTIGATION IS *CLOSED!* THE FLYING SAUCER IS A *FRAUD...* A FIGMENT OF EACH OF YOUR IMAGINATIONS! CALL IN THE REPORTERS, COLONEL... I HAVE A STATEMENT FOR THE PRESS!
AND SO...ON MARCH 17, 1950, THE NEWSPAPERS THOUGHOUT THE COUNTRY CARRY THESE HEADLINES...
THE EVENING
WAR DEPARTMENT DISPROVES EXISTENCE OF FLYING SAUCERS!
EXAMINATION OF EYE-WITNESSES PROVES PHENOMENON TO BE PSYCHOLOGICAL!
HOWEVER, ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 3, 1950, WHEN THE GIANT TWO-HUNDRED INCH TELESCOPE AT MOUNT PALOMAR IS PUT INTO OPERATION...
GOOD LORD!
WHAT IS IT, PROFESSOR? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
FLYING SAUCERS! THOUSANDS OF THEM! STREAKING TOWARDS EARTH! THEY'LL BE HERE... *SOON*... IN A MATTER OF *HOURS*...
THE END...

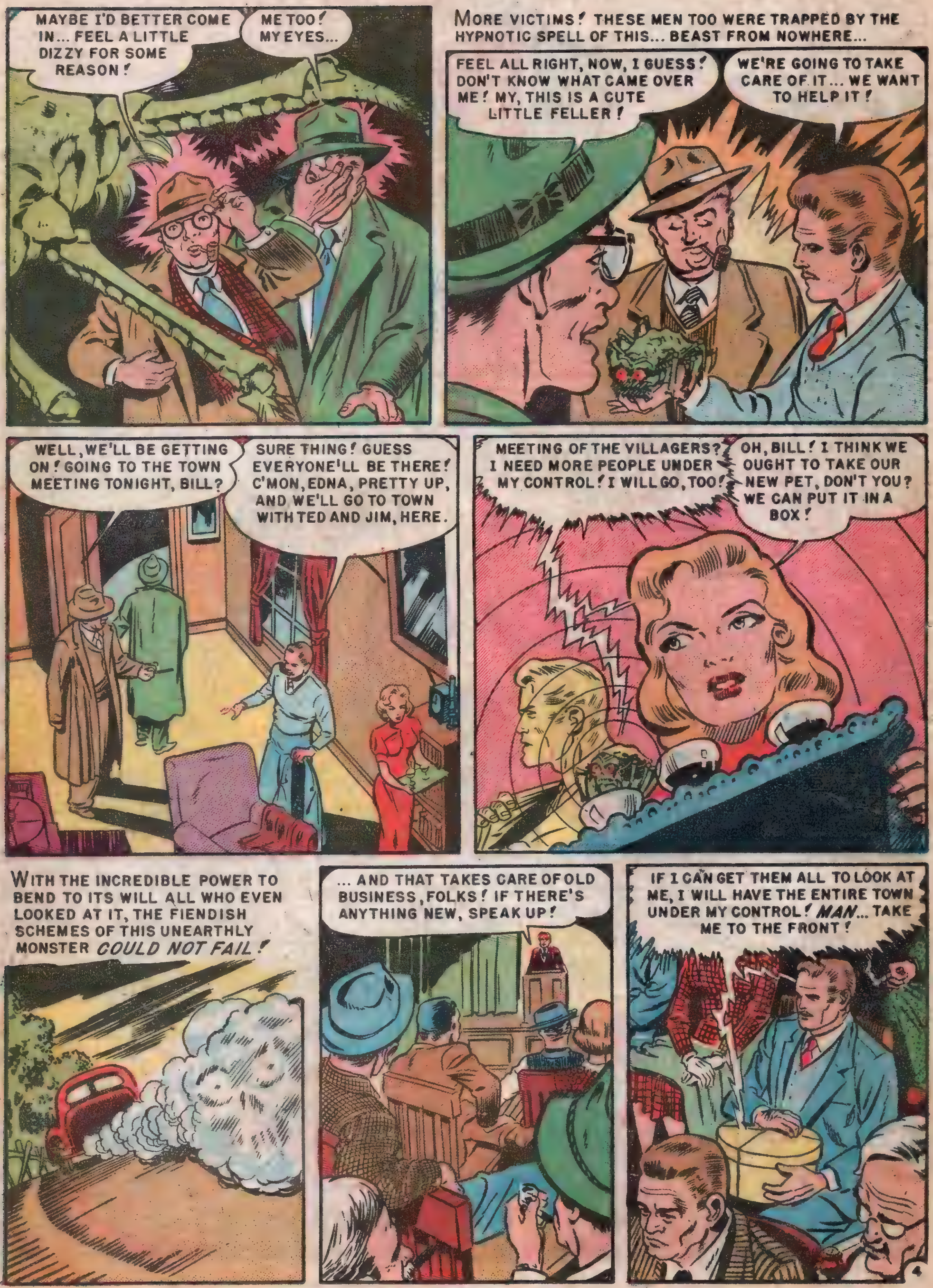
THE WORLD BECAME A SCREAMING MADHOUSE WHEN TERROR AND VIOLENT DESTRUCTION PLUNGED DOWN FROM THE SEEMINGLY INNOCENT SKIES! EARTH HAD NEVER FACED A MORE INSIDIOUS ENEMY THAN...

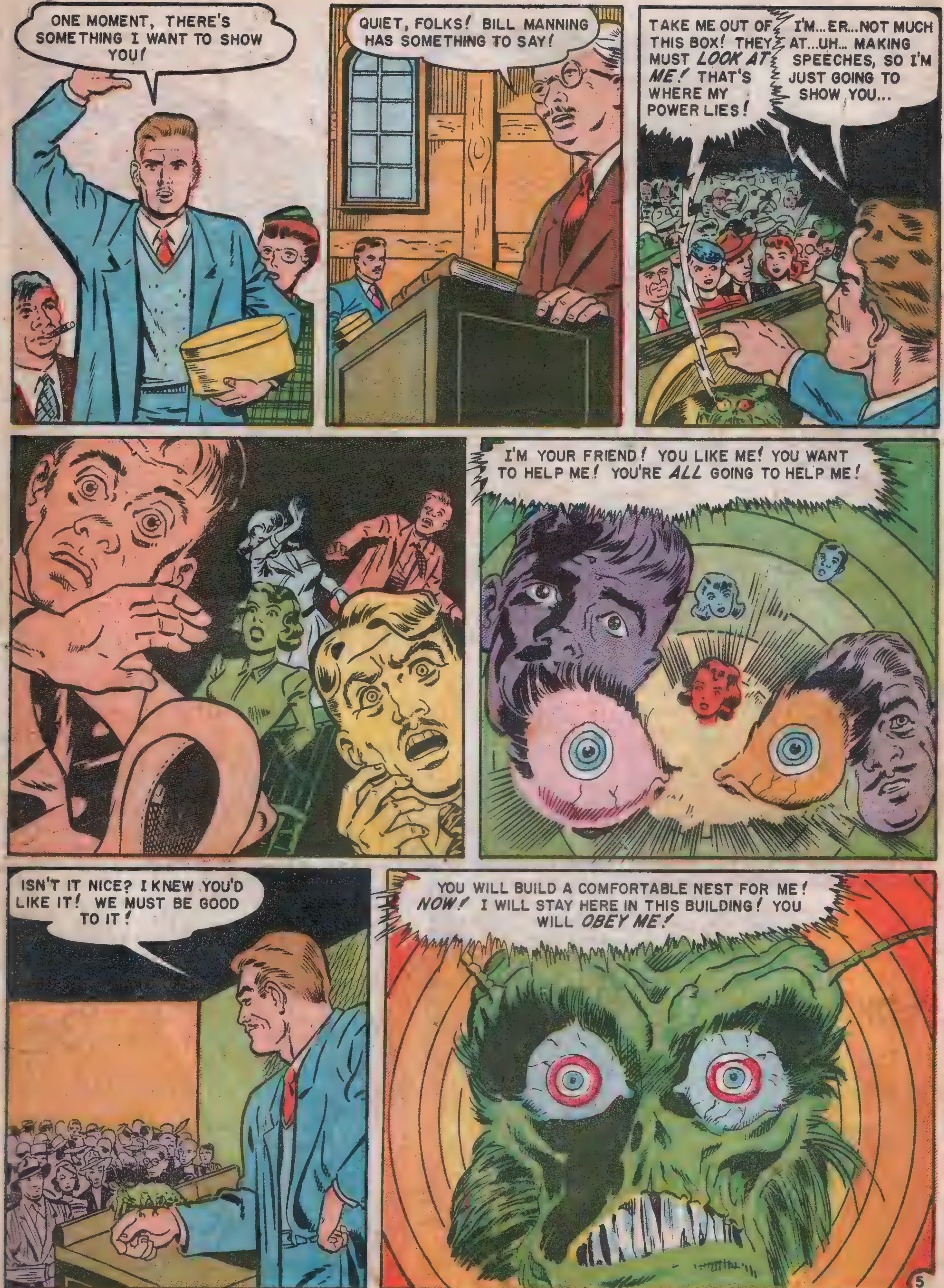
The METEOR MONSTER

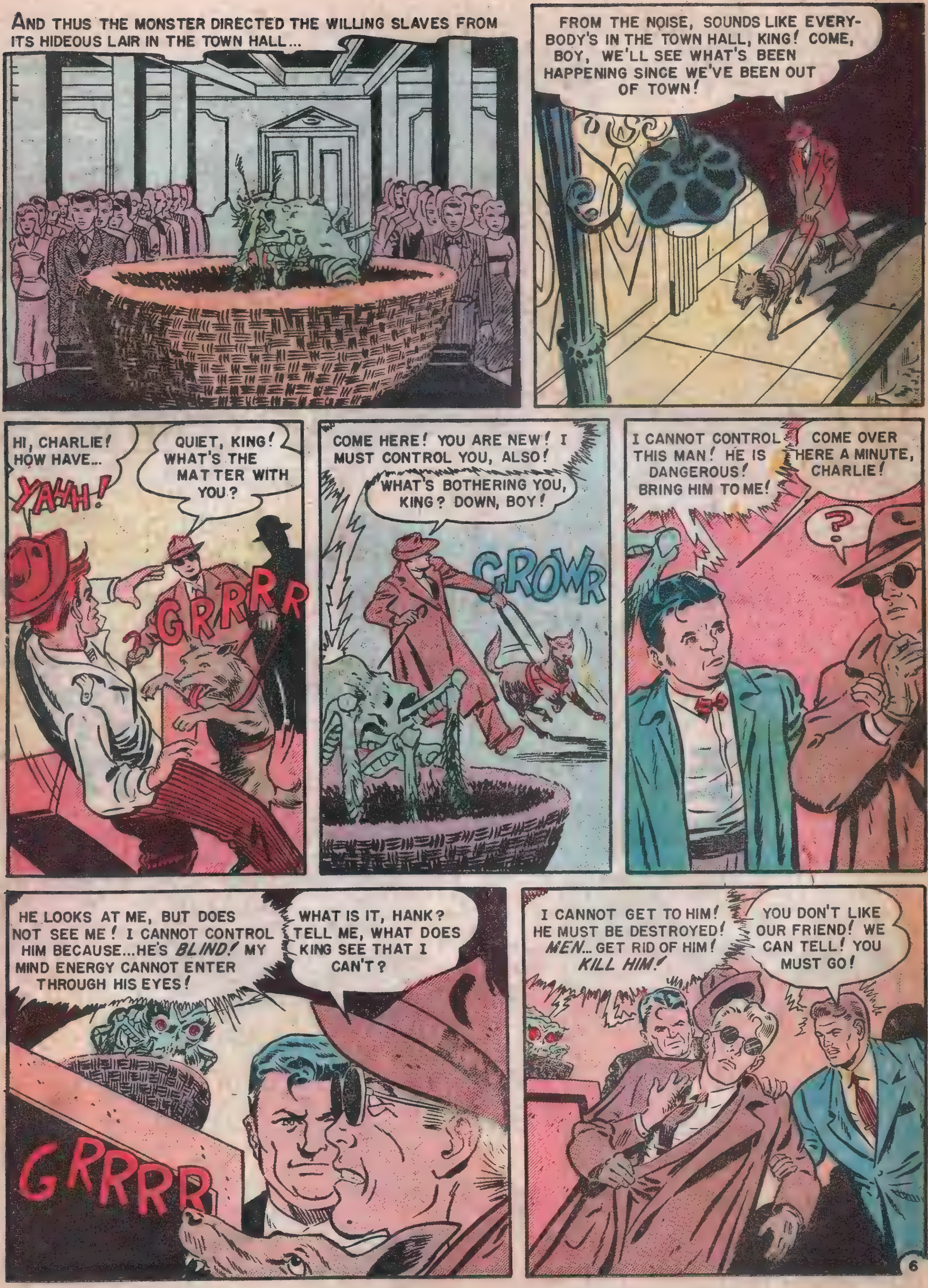

CRASH
BILL! WHAT WAS THAT?
LOOKED LIKE A METEOR! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN BEHIND THE HILL! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK!

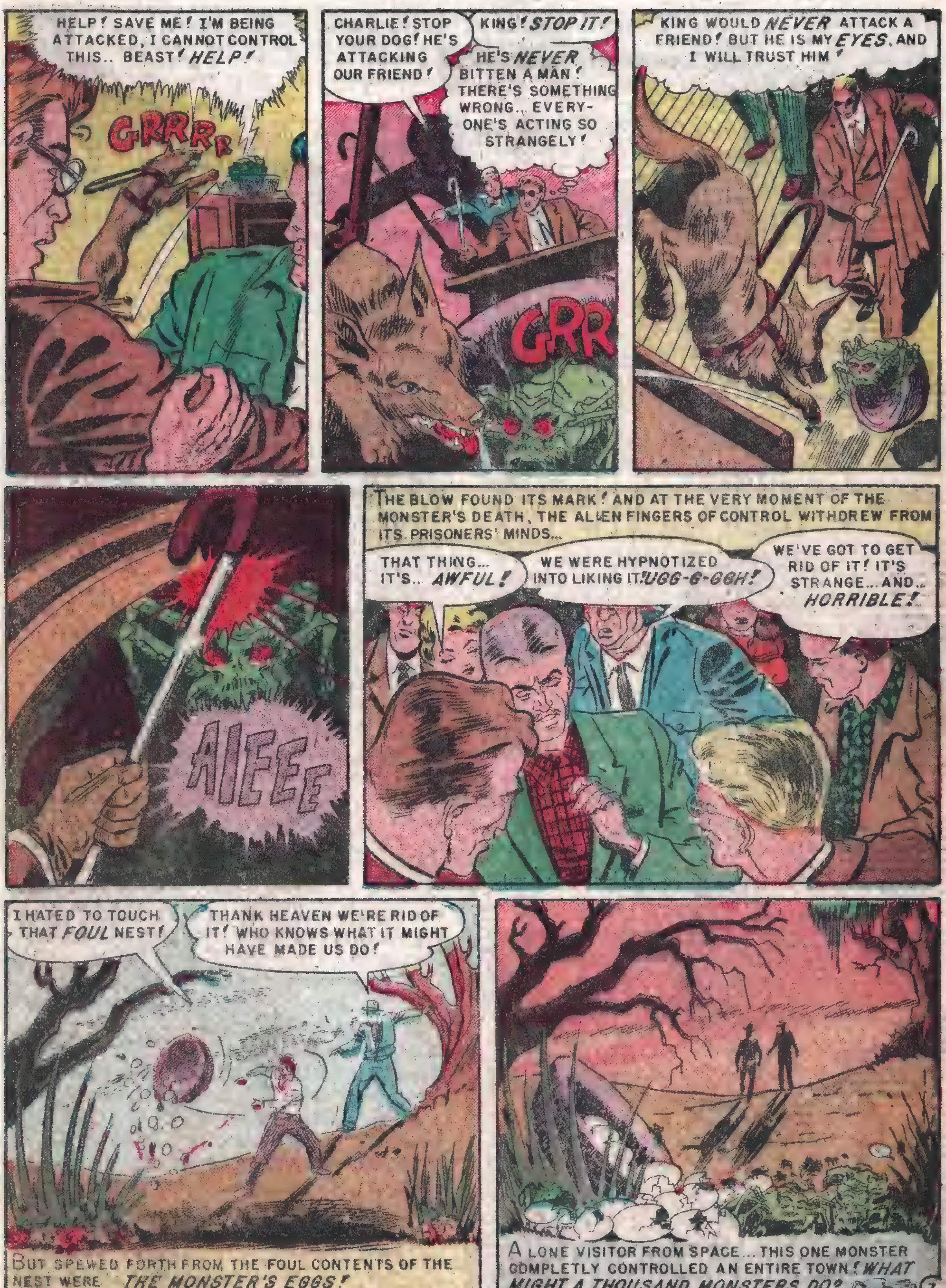

TAKE CARE, BILL!
OH, DON'T WORRY, EDNA! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
THERE IT IS! GUESS I'D BETTER NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES!
CRACK!
EARTH HAD NEVER SPAWNED SUCH A CREATURE AS BILL SAW BEFORE HIM! HORRIBLE... BUT IT HELD A STRANGE FASCINATION...
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S OPENING UP! WHAT ON EARTH IS...
IT'S SUCH A PECULIAR COLOR! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH QUEER EYES... I'M GETTING DIZZY!
THE MONSTER'S IMMENSELY POWERFUL MIND, PRODUCT OF AN ALIEN WORLD, POURED FORTH ITS ENERGY! VIBRANT RAYS FOUGHT AND GAINED CONTROL OF BILL'S MIND...
MY EYES... I CAN'T SEE! THAT BUZZING NOISE... *HELP!*
YOU SEE, I'M QUITE FRIENDLY! COME HERE!
IT SEEMS SORT OF NICE! GUESS IT WOULDN'T HURT ME!


HE IS NOW UNDER MY CONTROL! HE WILL DO AS I SAY! *MAN*... TAKE ME TO YOUR HOUSE! *YOU LIKE ME!*
I MUST TAKE CARE OF IT! I... LIKE...IT!
YEEOW!
I'M YOUR FRIEND! YOU LIKE ME! YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF ME!
BILL...HELP ME! I FEEL SO... FUNNY!
OH, I COULDN'T SEE IT VERY WELL BEFORE! IT'S A PRETTY LITTLE THING, ISN'T IT?
YES, I THINK WE OUGHT TO KEEP IT, DON'T YOU, DEAR?
I'M HUNGRY, WOMAN! FIX ME SOME FOOD!
DO YOU THINK IT'S HUNGRY? MAYBE I'D BETTER MAKE SOMETHING FOR IT TO EAT! YOU SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR!
KNOCK KNOCK
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BILL. EVENING, MRS. MANNING
WE WERE JUST DRIVING TO TOWN AND WE SAW A TERRIFIC FLASH OF LIGHT! THERE WAS A NOISE LIKE AN EXPLOSION... SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM OVER HERE!
GASP...
WHAT'S THAT... *THING?*
THEY ARE FRIENDS OF YOURS! ASK THEM IN! THEY WILL SOON BE FRIENDS OF MINE, TOO!
WON'T YOU COME IN FOR A MOMENT?


MAYBE I'D BETTER COME IN... FEEL A LITTLE DIZZY FOR SOME REASON!
ME TOO! MY EYES...
MORE VICTIMS! THESE MEN TOO WERE TRAPPED BY THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF THIS... BEAST FROM NOWHERE...
FEEL ALL RIGHT, NOW, I GUESS! DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME! MY, THIS IS A CUTE LITTLE FELLER!
WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF IT... WE WANT TO HELP IT!
WELL, WE'LL BE GETTING ON! GOING TO THE TOWN MEETING TONIGHT, BILL?
SURE THING! GUESS EVERYONE'LL BE THERE! C'MON, EDNA, PRETTY UP, AND WE'LL GO TO TOWN WITH TED AND JIM, HERE.
MEETING OF THE VILLAGERS? I NEED MORE PEOPLE UNDER MY CONTROL! I WILL GO, TOO!
OH, BILL! I THINK WE OUGHT TO TAKE OUR NEW PET, DON'T YOU? WE CAN PUT IT IN A BOX!
WITH THE INCREDIBLE POWER TO BEND TO ITS WILL ALL WHO EVEN LOOKED AT IT, THE FIENDISH SCHEMES OF THIS UNEARTHLY MONSTER *COULD NOT FAIL!*
... AND THAT TAKES CARE OF OLD BUSINESS, FOLKS! IF THERE'S ANYTHING NEW, SPEAK UP!
IF I CAN GET THEM ALL TO LOOK AT ME, I WILL HAVE THE ENTIRE TOWN UNDER MY CONTROL! *MAN*... TAKE ME TO THE FRONT!


ONE MOMENT, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO SHOW YOU!
QUIET, FOLKS! BILL MANNING HAS SOMETHING TO SAY!
TAKE ME OUT OF THIS BOX! THEY MUST *LOOK AT ME!* THAT'S WHERE MY POWER LIES!
I'M...ER...NOT MUCH AT...UH... MAKING SPEECHES, SO I'M JUST GOING TO SHOW YOU...
I'M YOUR FRIEND! YOU LIKE ME! YOU WANT TO HELP ME! YOU'RE *ALL* GOING TO HELP ME!
ISN'T IT NICE? I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT! WE MUST BE GOOD TO IT!
YOU WILL BUILD A COMFORTABLE NEST FOR ME! *NOW!* I WILL STAY HERE IN THIS BUILDING! YOU WILL *OBEY ME!*


AND THUS THE MONSTER DIRECTED THE WILLING SLAVES FROM ITS HIDEOUS LAIR IN THE TOWN HALL...
FROM THE NOISE, SOUNDS LIKE EVERYBODY'S IN THE TOWN HALL, KING! COME, BOY, WE'LL SEE WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING SINCE WE'VE BEEN OUT OF TOWN!
HI, CHARLIE! HOW HAVE...
YAHH!
QUIET, KING! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
GRRRRR
COME HERE! YOU ARE NEW! I MUST CONTROL YOU, ALSO!
WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU, KING? DOWN, BOY!
GROWR
I CANNOT CONTROL THIS MAN! HE IS DANGEROUS! BRING HIM TO ME!
COME OVER HERE A MINUTE, CHARLIE!
?
HE LOOKS AT ME, BUT DOES NOT SEE ME! I CANNOT CONTROL HIM BECAUSE...HE'S *BLIND!* MY MIND ENERGY CANNOT ENTER THROUGH HIS EYES!
WHAT IS IT, HANK? TELL ME, WHAT DOES KING SEE THAT I CAN'T?
GRRRR
I CANNOT GET TO HIM! HE MUST BE DESTROYED! *MEN*... GET RID OF HIM! *KILL HIM!*
YOU DON'T LIKE OUR FRIEND! WE CAN TELL! YOU MUST GO!


HELP! SAVE ME! I'M BEING ATTACKED, I CANNOT CONTROL THIS.. BEAST! *HELP!*
GRRRRR
CHARLIE! STOP YOUR DOG! HE'S ATTACKING OUR FRIEND!
KING! *STOP IT!*
HE'S *NEVER* BITTEN A MAN! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.. EVERYONE'S ACTING SO STRANGELY!
GRR
KING WOULD *NEVER* ATTACK A FRIEND! BUT HE IS MY *EYES*, AND I WILL TRUST HIM!
AIEEE
THE BLOW FOUND ITS MARK! AND AT THE VERY MOMENT OF THE MONSTER'S DEATH, THE ALIEN FINGERS OF CONTROL WITHDREW FROM ITS PRISONERS' MINDS...
THAT THING... IT'S... *AWFUL!*
WE WERE HYPNOTIZED INTO LIKING IT! *UGG-G-GGH!*
WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT! IT'S STRANGE... AND.. *HORRIBLE!*
I HATED TO TOUCH THAT *FOUL* NEST!
THANK HEAVEN WE'RE RID OF IT! WHO KNOWS WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE MADE US DO!
BUT SPEWED FORTH FROM THE FOUL CONTENTS OF THE NEST WERE *THE MONSTER'S EGGS!*
A LONE VISITOR FROM SPACE... THIS ONE MONSTER COMPLETLY CONTROLLED AN ENTIRE TOWN! *WHAT MIGHT A THOUSAND MONSTERS DO?*

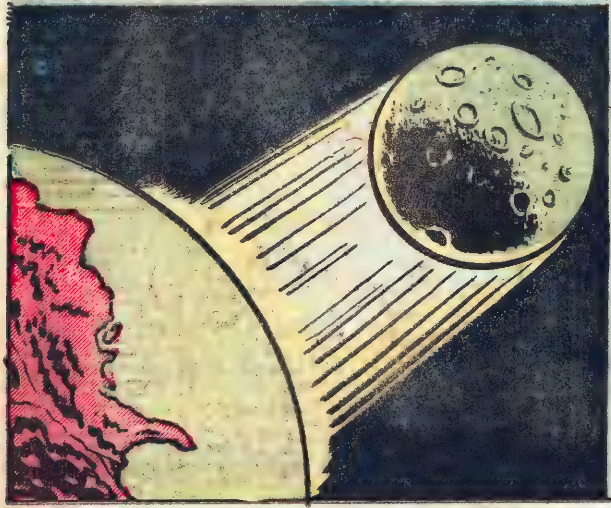
EXPERIMENT

The man sitting in front of the control panel reached out and flicked the tiny stainless-steel switch. One of the army of glass lozenges built into the front of the control board began to blink on and off with the regularity of a heart pumping blood . . . the eerie red light of the small bulb splashed over the monitor room at five second intervals.

"It's started," said the man at the control panel, his hand falling away from the switch as he turned to face the grim-faced co-worker who stood behind him. "Upstairs they'll be receiving word soon . . . that three hundred inch eye should be telling whether or not this beam we're transmitting is strong enough to get outside the gravitational field! They've got it focused on the Moon right now . . . ought to be able to tell soon whether or not our rays are reaching it!"

* * * * *

One of the needles began to vacillate wildly and the young woman in charge of that section of the electronics board looked at it intently, her hand moving quickly to the button built into the desk in front of her. Several men came racing from another part of the huge white-tile room, a certain uneasiness evident in the way they moved soundlessly across the room to the spot where the young woman strained toward the circular gauges in front of her.



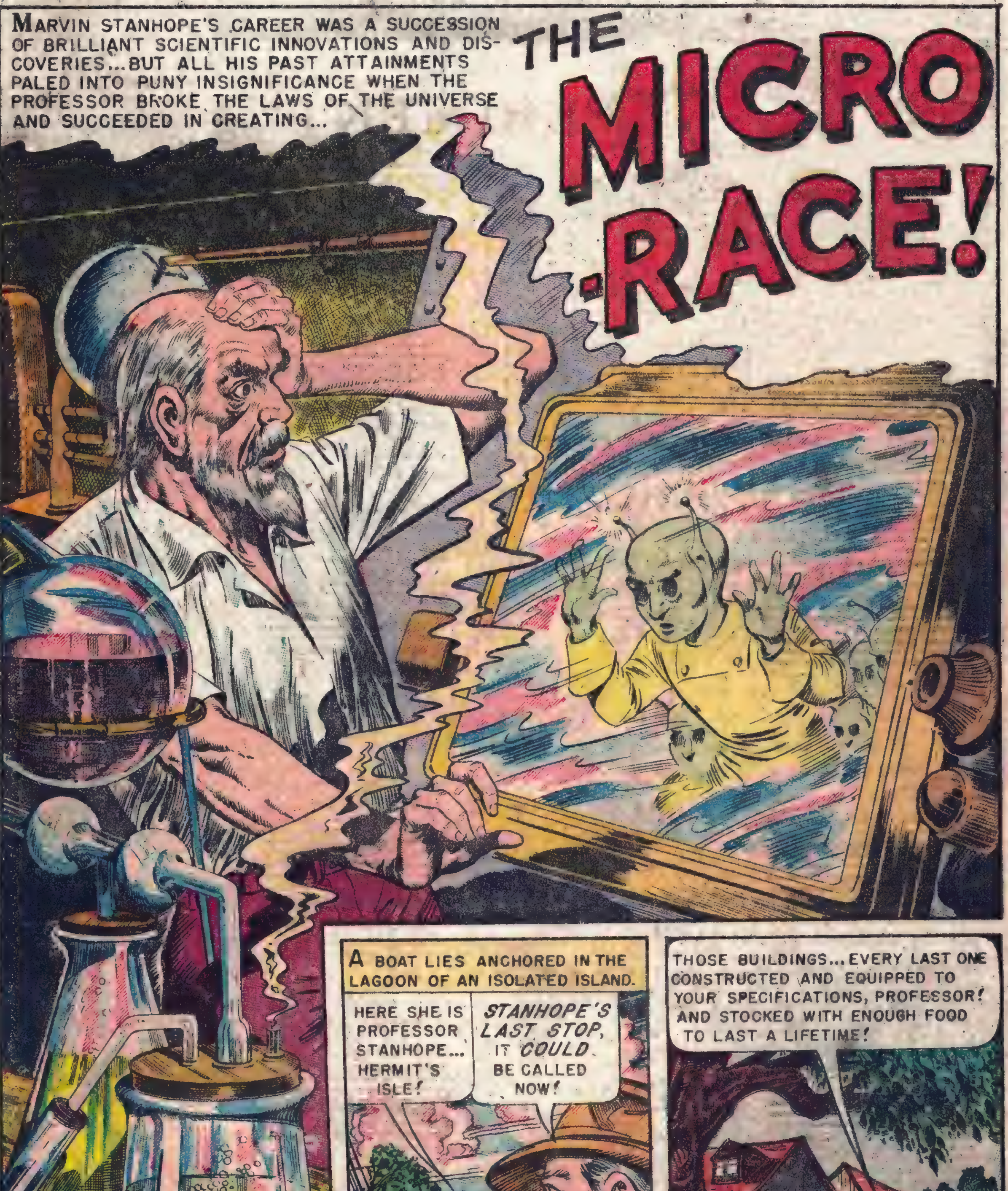
"I-I'm afraid that something's got out of whack," she said, her hand shaking as she pointed to the dial which leaped back and forth at a fearsome rate. "We were supposed to transmit just enough power to glance off the surface of the moon . . . but we're registering more than thirty-thousand kryptocycles!"

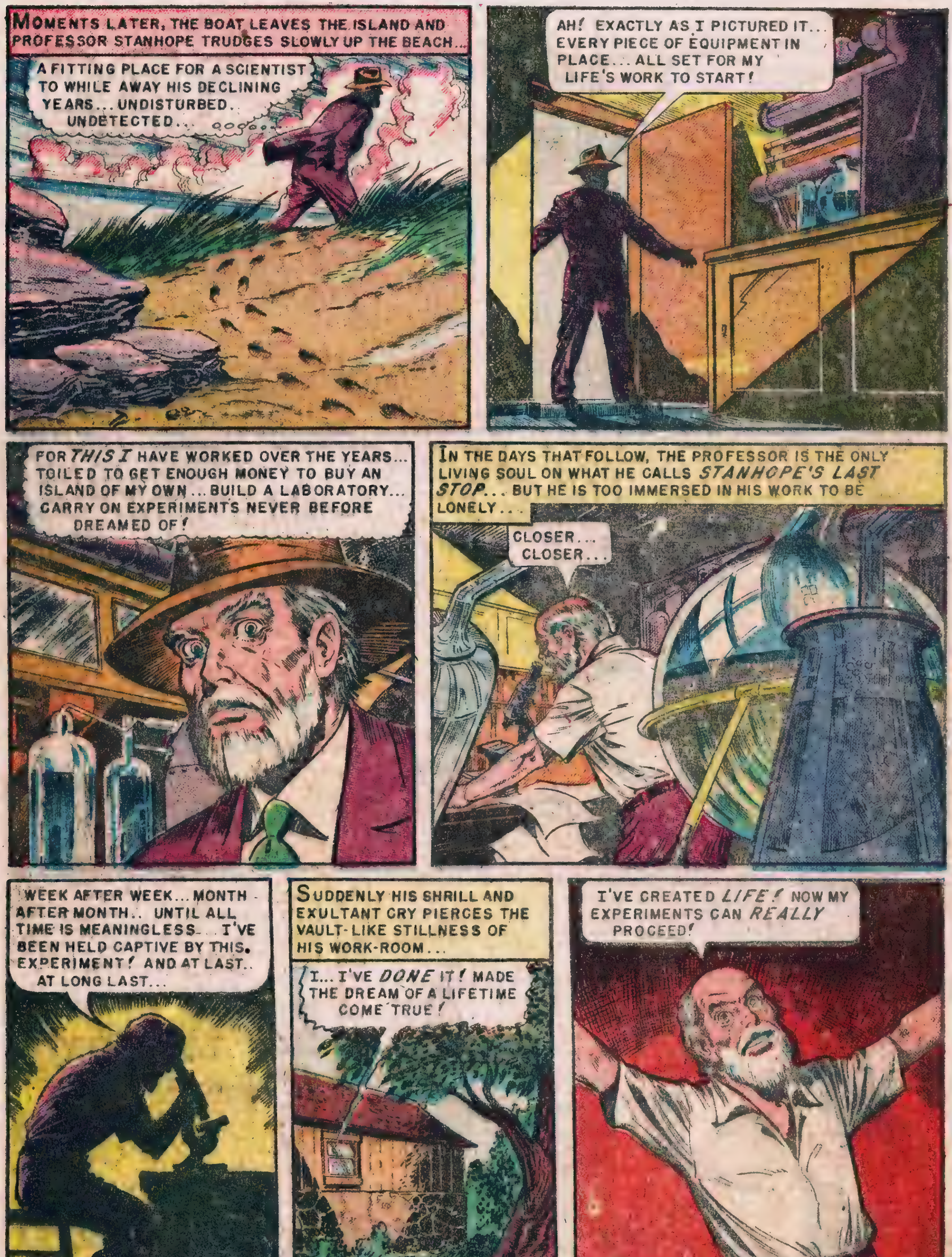
"Good heavens!" snorted the elderly man in the laboratory smock, slipping into the seat the young woman vacated for him. "I'm afraid we seriously miscalculated the amount of power we required in order to send that ray outside the field of Earth's gravity! Instead of getting a comparatively mild signal to reach from Earth to the Moon . . . we're in the very act of bombarding the Moon electronically! This experiment . . . it's getting out of our control!"

* * * * *

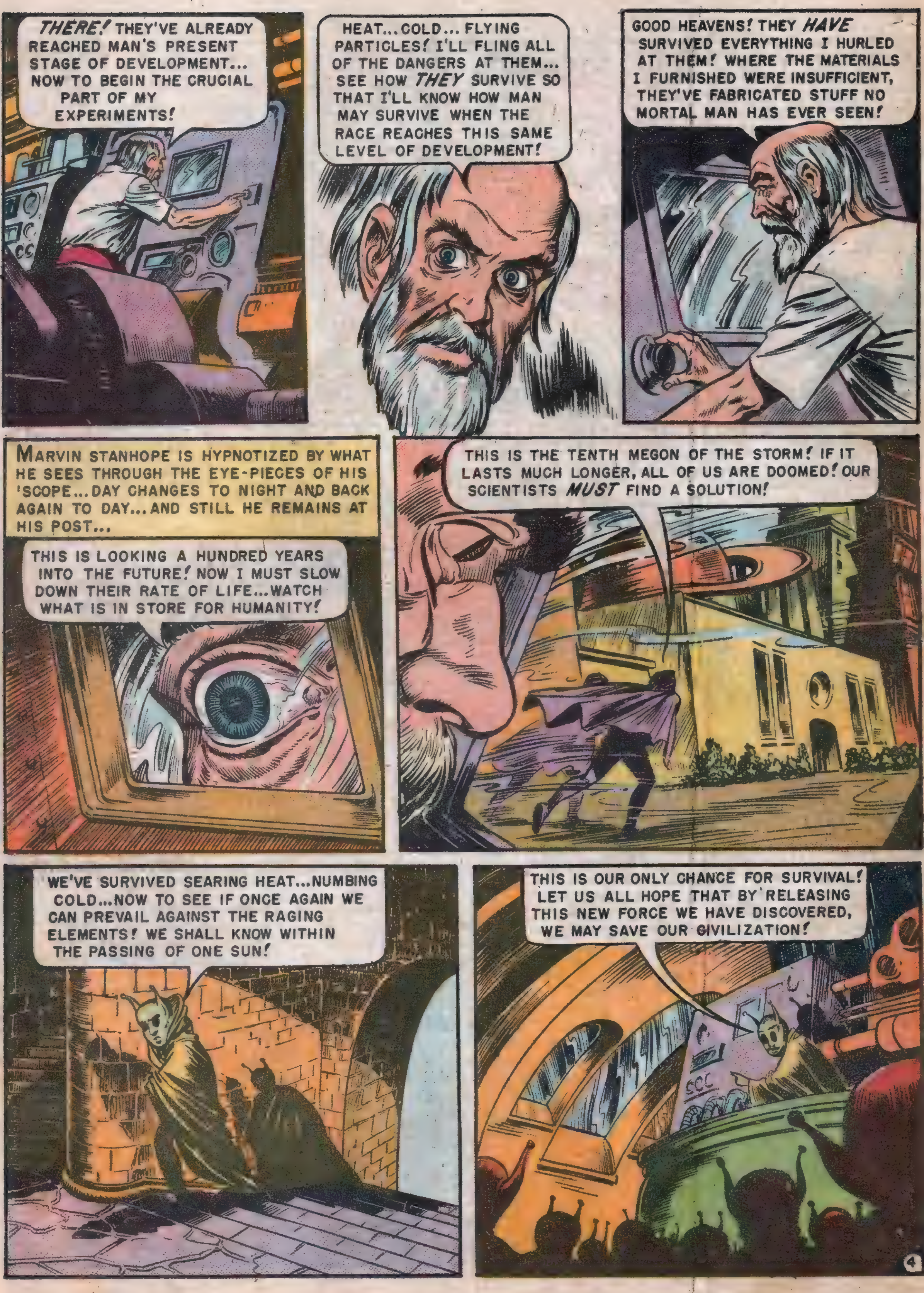
"There can be no question about it," said the short bald man sitting at the eye-piece of the giant telescope, as he turned his sweating face and looked at the semi-circle of frightened men that gathered about him in the darkened room. "That we have succeeded in sending an almost immeasurably powerful electrical beam all the way to the surface of the moon is no longer of any importance whatsoever! For we have achieved the seemingly impossible . . . our ray is frozen between Earth and Moon! Even turning off our source of power means nothing . . . the beam is like a lariat which we have sent out and used to trap the moon! Our experiment is a success, gentlemen," said the short bald man as he rose and glanced from one terrified face to another. "I would estimate that we all have about one hour in which to make arrangements . . . for within that period of time the beam we sent out will have pulled the Moon into the Earth's field of Gravity . . . and then it will be a matter of minutes before the Moon smashes into our globe with a speed never before imagined by mortal man!"

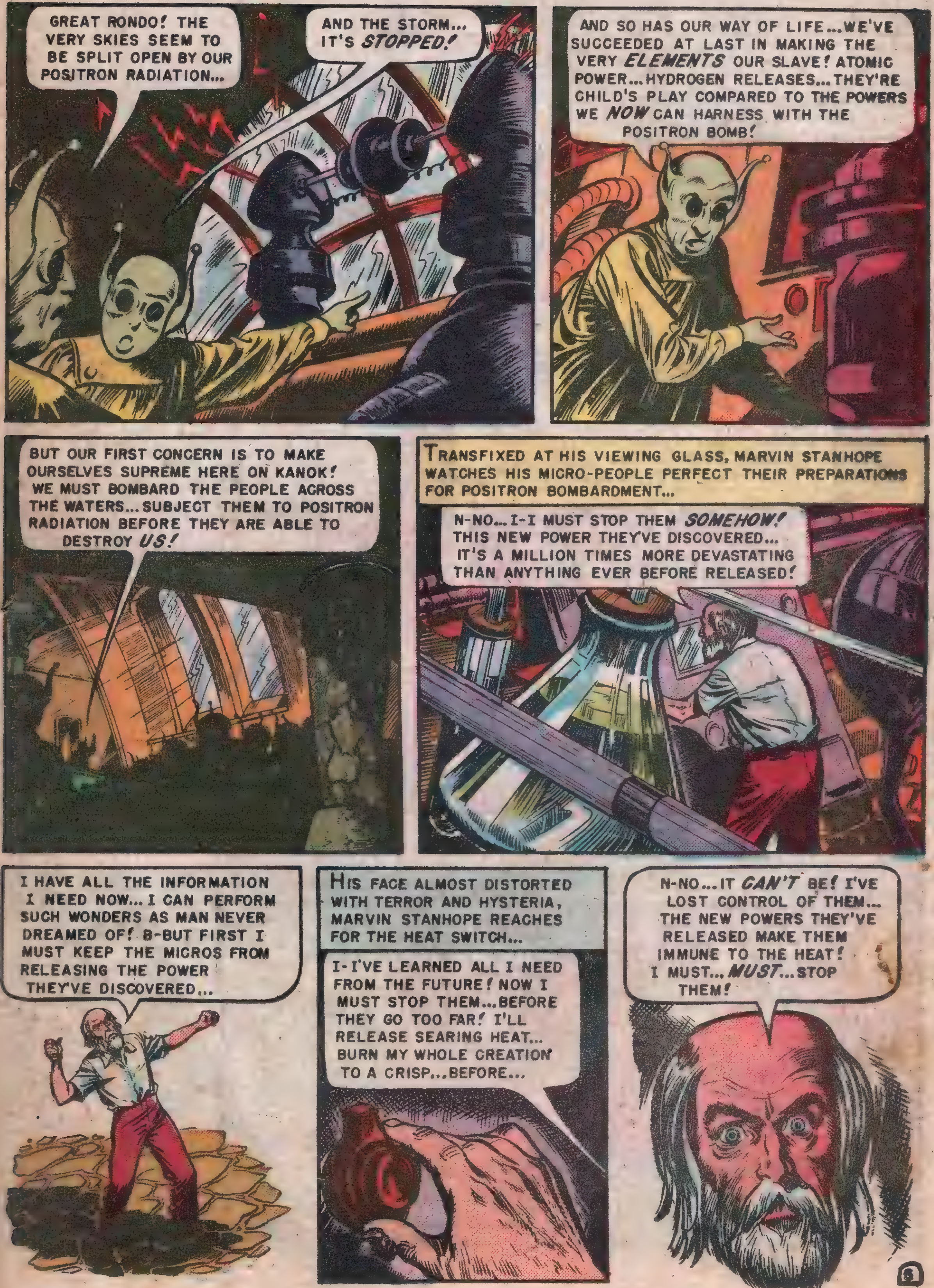
THE MICRO-RACE!

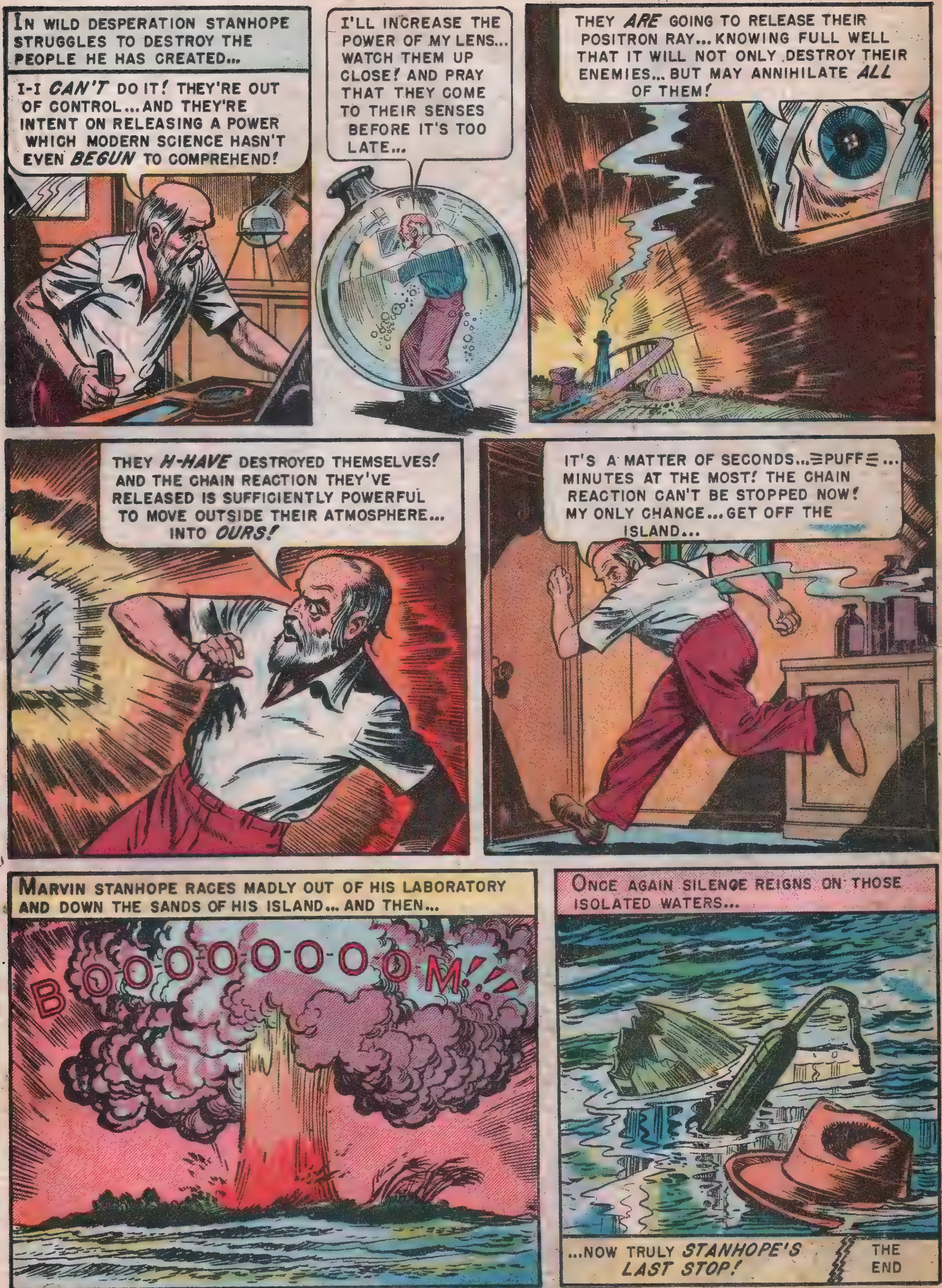

MARVIN STANHOPE'S CAREER WAS A SUCCESSION OF BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC INNOVATIONS AND DISCOVERIES... BUT ALL HIS PAST ATTAINMENTS PALED INTO PUNY INSIGNIFICANCE WHEN THE PROFESSOR BROKE THE LAWS OF THE UNIVERSE AND SUCCEEDED IN CREATING...
THE MICRO-RACE!
A BOAT LIES ANCHORED IN THE LAGOON OF AN ISOLATED ISLAND.
HERE SHE IS PROFESSOR STANHOPE... HERMIT'S ISLE!
STANHOPE'S LAST STOP, IT *COULD* BE CALLED NOW!
THOSE BUILDINGS... EVERY LAST ONE CONSTRUCTED AND EQUIPPED TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS, PROFESSOR! AND STOCKED WITH ENOUGH FOOD TO LAST A LIFETIME!


MOMENTS LATER, THE BOAT LEAVES THE ISLAND AND PROFESSOR STANHOPE TRUDGES SLOWLY UP THE BEACH...
A FITTING PLACE FOR A SCIENTIST TO WHILE AWAY HIS DECLINING YEARS... UNDISTURBED... UNDETECTED...
AH! EXACTLY AS I PICTURED IT... EVERY PIECE OF EQUIPMENT IN PLACE... ALL SET FOR MY LIFE'S WORK TO START!
FOR *THIS* I HAVE WORKED OVER THE YEARS... TOILED TO GET ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY AN ISLAND OF MY OWN... BUILD A LABORATORY... CARRY ON EXPERIMENTS NEVER BEFORE DREAMED OF!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE PROFESSOR IS THE ONLY LIVING SOUL ON WHAT HE CALLS *STANHOPE'S LAST STOP*... BUT HE IS TOO IMMERSED IN HIS WORK TO BE LONELY...
CLOSER... CLOSER...
WEEK AFTER WEEK... MONTH AFTER MONTH.. UNTIL ALL TIME IS MEANINGLESS... I'VE BEEN HELD CAPTIVE BY THIS EXPERIMENT! AND AT LAST.. AT LONG LAST...
SUDDENLY HIS SHRILL AND EXULTANT CRY PIERCES THE VAULT-LIKE STILLNESS OF HIS WORK-ROOM...
I... I'VE *DONE* IT! MADE THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME COME TRUE!
I'VE CREATED *LIFE!* NOW MY EXPERIMENTS CAN *REALLY* PROCEED!

AND PROCEED THEY *DO*, FOR NOW STANHOPE THROWS HIMSELF INTO HIS WORK WITH REDOUBLED VIGOR...
MY CREATIONS HAVE PASSED THE ACID TEST! THEY'RE ABLE TO REPRODUCE THEIR OWN KIND! I'VE STARTED A LIFE CYCLE OF MY OWN!
THE FEVERISH MONTHS RACE BY UNNOTICED...
UP THROUGH THE SPIRAL OF EVOLUTION, I'VE BEEN ABLE TO FORCE MY CREATIONS... ONE-CELL LIFE... MULTI-CELLS...
... AND *NOW*... MY SUPREME TRIUMPH! IN MY SPECIALLY CONTROLLED ALL-OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE, I'VE CREATED A RACE OF *MEN*!
AND I'M ABLE TO SPEED THEIR LIFE-SPAN SO TREMENDOUSLY THAT A GENERATION WILL LIVE FOR JUST AN HOUR... AND THEY WILL NEVER GROW LARGER THAN BACTERIA! MY OWN CREATURES... A SUPER-RACE!
IN THE ENSUING DAYS AND WEEKS, STANHOPE WATCHES COUNTLESS GENERATIONS OF HIS MICROSCOPIC CREATURES COME AND GO...
I'VE SPEEDED UP A THOUSAND YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT INTO A MATTER OF HOURS! THEY'RE ALREADY UP TO THE LEVEL OF THE NEANDERTHAL MAN!
NOW IT'S TIME TO PLACE THEM IN MY LIFE VAULT... SLOW DOWN THEIR METABOLISM AND RATE OF DEVELOPMENT BY GRADUALLY CUTTING DOWN THE PERCENTAGE OF OXYGEN SO THAT I CAN WATCH THEM APPROACH AND SURPASS MORTAL MAN!
FOOD AND SLEEP BECOME A FORGOTTEN MEMORY FOR STANHOPE AS HE REMAINS CONSTANTLY AT HIS MICROSCOPES AND VIEWERS...
THESE NEW GENERATIONS HAVE ALREADY DISCOVERED FIRE AND THE WHEEL! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SUPPLY THEM WITH MATERIALS... AND WATCH THEM RE-ENACT MAN'S OWN EVOLUTION!


THERE! THEY'VE ALREADY REACHED MAN'S PRESENT STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT... NOW TO BEGIN THE CRUCIAL PART OF MY EXPERIMENTS!
HEAT...COLD... FLYING PARTICLES! I'LL FLING ALL OF THE DANGERS AT THEM... SEE HOW THEY SURVIVE SO THAT I'LL KNOW HOW MAN MAY SURVIVE WHEN THE RACE REACHES THIS SAME LEVEL OF DEVELOPMENT!
GOOD HEAVENS! THEY HAVE SURVIVED EVERYTHING I HURLED AT THEM! WHERE THE MATERIALS I FURNISHED WERE INSUFFICIENT, THEY'VE FABRICATED STUFF NO MORTAL MAN HAS EVER SEEN!
MARVIN STANHOPE IS HYPNOTIZED BY WHAT HE SEES THROUGH THE EYE-PIECES OF HIS 'SCOPE... DAY CHANGES TO NIGHT AND BACK AGAIN TO DAY... AND STILL HE REMAINS AT HIS POST...
THIS IS LOOKING A HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE FUTURE! NOW I MUST SLOW DOWN THEIR RATE OF LIFE... WATCH WHAT IS IN STORE FOR HUMANITY!
THIS IS THE TENTH MEGON OF THE STORM! IF IT LASTS MUCH LONGER, ALL OF US ARE DOOMED! OUR SCIENTISTS MUST FIND A SOLUTION!
WE'VE SURVIVED SEARING HEAT...NUMBING COLD...NOW TO SEE IF ONCE AGAIN WE CAN PREVAIL AGAINST THE RAGING ELEMENTS! WE SHALL KNOW WITHIN THE PASSING OF ONE SUN!
THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL! LET US ALL HOPE THAT BY RELEASING THIS NEW FORCE WE HAVE DISCOVERED, WE MAY SAVE OUR CIVILIZATION!


GREAT RONDO! THE VERY SKIES SEEM TO BE SPLIT OPEN BY OUR POSITRON RADIATION...
AND THE STORM... IT'S *STOPPED!*
AND SO HAS OUR WAY OF LIFE... WE'VE SUCCEEDED AT LAST IN MAKING THE VERY *ELEMENTS* OUR SLAVE! ATOMIC POWER... HYDROGEN RELEASES... THEY'RE CHILD'S PLAY COMPARED TO THE POWERS WE *NOW* CAN HARNESS WITH THE POSITRON BOMB!
BUT OUR FIRST CONCERN IS TO MAKE OURSELVES SUPREME HERE ON KANOK! WE MUST BOMBARD THE PEOPLE ACROSS THE WATERS... SUBJECT THEM TO POSITRON RADIATION BEFORE THEY ARE ABLE TO DESTROY *US!*
TRANSFIXED AT HIS VIEWING GLASS, MARVIN STANHOPE WATCHES HIS MICRO-PEOPLE PERFECT THEIR PREPARATIONS FOR POSITRON BOMBARDMENT...
N-NO... I-I MUST STOP THEM *SOMEHOW!* THIS NEW POWER THEY'VE DISCOVERED... IT'S A MILLION TIMES MORE DEVASTATING THAN ANYTHING EVER BEFORE RELEASED!
I HAVE ALL THE INFORMATION I NEED NOW... I CAN PERFORM SUCH WONDERS AS MAN NEVER DREAMED OF! B-BUT FIRST I MUST KEEP THE MICROS FROM RELEASING THE POWER THEY'VE DISCOVERED...
HIS FACE ALMOST DISTORTED WITH TERROR AND HYSTERIA, MARVIN STANHOPE REACHES FOR THE HEAT SWITCH...
I-I'VE LEARNED ALL I NEED FROM THE FUTURE! NOW I MUST STOP THEM... BEFORE THEY GO TOO FAR! I'LL RELEASE SEARING HEAT... BURN MY WHOLE CREATION TO A CRISP... BEFORE...
N-NO... IT *CAN'T* BE! I'VE LOST CONTROL OF THEM... THE NEW POWERS THEY'VE RELEASED MAKE THEM IMMUNE TO THE HEAT! I MUST... *MUST*... STOP THEM!

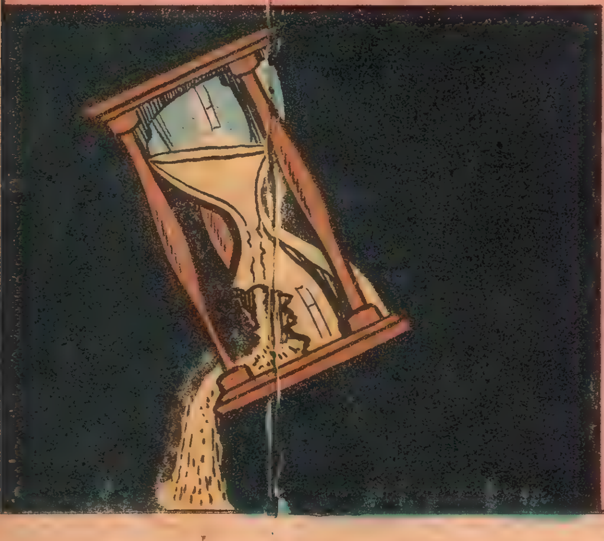

IN WILD DESPERATION STANHOPE STRUGGLES TO DESTROY THE PEOPLE HE HAS CREATED...
I-I *CAN'T* DO IT! THEY'RE OUT OF CONTROL... AND THEY'RE INTENT ON RELEASING A POWER WHICH MODERN SCIENCE HASN'T EVEN *BEGUN* TO COMPREHEND!
I'LL INCREASE THE POWER OF MY LENS... WATCH THEM UP CLOSE! AND PRAY THAT THEY COME TO THEIR SENSES BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...
THEY *ARE* GOING TO RELEASE THEIR POSITRON RAY... KNOWING FULL WELL THAT IT WILL NOT ONLY DESTROY THEIR ENEMIES... BUT MAY ANNIHILATE *ALL* OF THEM!
THEY *H-HAVE* DESTROYED THEMSELVES! AND THE CHAIN REACTION THEY'VE RELEASED IS SUFFICIENTLY POWERFUL TO MOVE OUTSIDE THEIR ATMOSPHERE... INTO *OURS!*
IT'S A MATTER OF SECONDS... ≡PUFF≡... MINUTES AT THE MOST! THE CHAIN REACTION CAN'T BE STOPPED NOW! MY ONLY CHANCE... GET OFF THE ISLAND...
MARVIN STANHOPE RACES MADLY OUT OF HIS LABORATORY AND DOWN THE SANDS OF HIS ISLAND... AND THEN...
BOOOOOOOOM!!!
ONCE AGAIN SILENCE REIGNS ON THOSE ISOLATED WATERS...
...NOW TRULY *STANHOPE'S LAST STOP!*
THE END

SANDS OF TIME

(PRINCETOWN, SOUTH CAROLINA, April 7, 1886) — A report received by your periodical intimates that strange occurrences are afoot near the county line. A subscriber tells us that a mysterious field of sand, 10 yards by 10 yards in extent, has suddenly appeared in the apple orchard owned by George Simpson. It is of the texture of ordinary beach-sand, and no one has been able to explain its sudden and mystifying appearance. Neighbors for miles around have been invited to stop by and see this amazing mystery.

* * * * *

(PRINCETOWN, S. C., July 12, 1908)—Word has been received this morning that G. Simpson, Jr., has abandoned the apple-orchard of his farm. The Simpson place is the scene of a strange bed of sand, some 300 acres in extent. It is famed locally as the SEA OF SAND, and lately it has excited the curiosity of Geologists from the State University. It is supposed to have appeared suddenly during the lifetime of Mr. Simpson's father. Thousands have seen this phenomenon, and there appears to be no explanation as to how the sand materialized and to what extent it will continue to spread.



(PRINCETOWN, Jan. 9, 1931 (IP). — The Police reveal that the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. G. Simpson have been unearthed at their farm, on the outskirts of the old town of Princetown, abandoned eight years ago. Emergency crews were dispatched to the area earlier in the week when relatives reported they had not seen the Simpsons for some time. Inspector Welsh states that the Simpson farm is now completely drowned in the Sea of Sand which has been engulfing the area for some time. This strange desert now covers the site of an undisclosed number of farms, and its extent is estimated at over 50 square miles. State Police and Army Engineers have been asked to take a hand in the mystery surrounding the source of this "SEA OF SAND," which is spreading at an ever-increasing speed!

* * * * *

(EAST CAROLINA, Oct. 26, 1962 (ROTO) — General Mayhew of the Third Engineering Command has admitted that there is no immediate prospect of stopping the onslaught of the "SEA OF SAND" which now occupies most of the old Carolina region. From day to day this invidious blanket of sand creeps forward inch by inch, its source unknown to the Engineers who have tried to stop its spread for 16 months. It is hoped that the mysterious source will dry up as quickly as it appeared, some 75 years ago, on a farm now lost in the midst of the desert area.

* * * * *

(WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7, 1986 (Press Roto Servis) — Plans are now complete for moving the nation's capital from this barren desert area to the Rockies. Most of the region's population has already fled before the onslaught of the moving desert which now runs from the valley of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and the seat of the government will follow in a matter of days. All territory east of the Mississippi, now one of the world's largest deserts, is to be abandoned completely, according to Secretary of Government George Simpson, VI.

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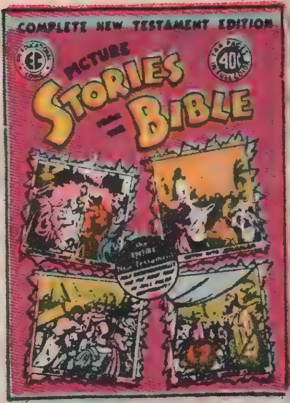
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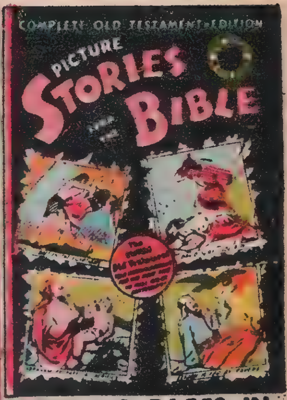
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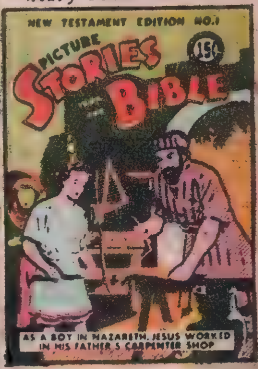
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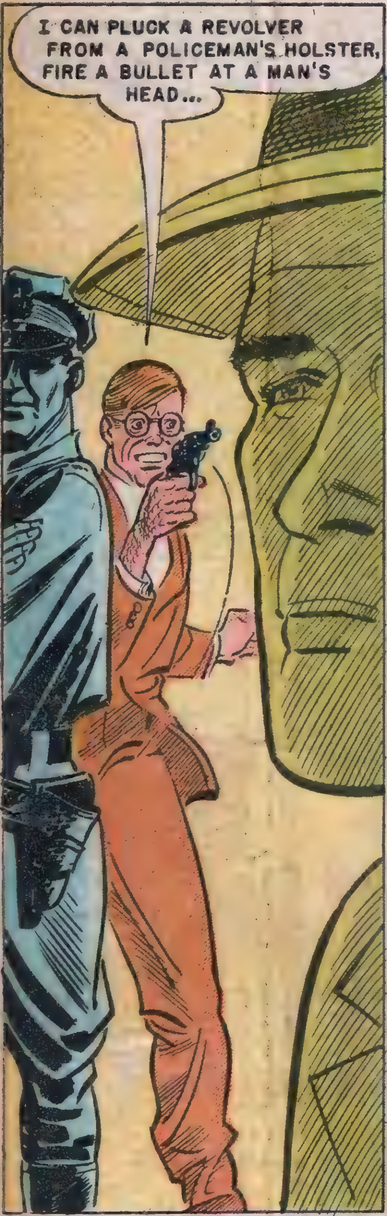
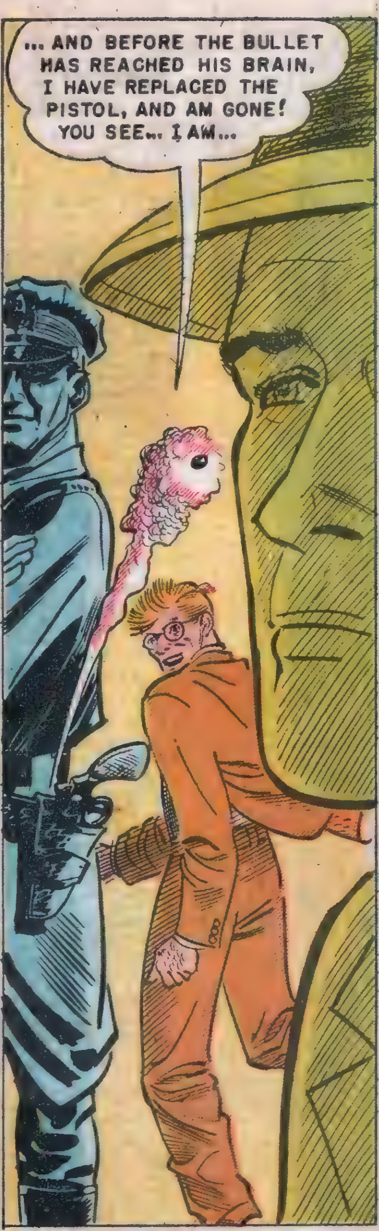
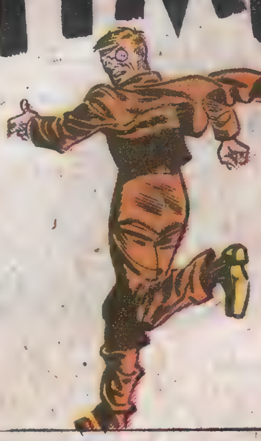
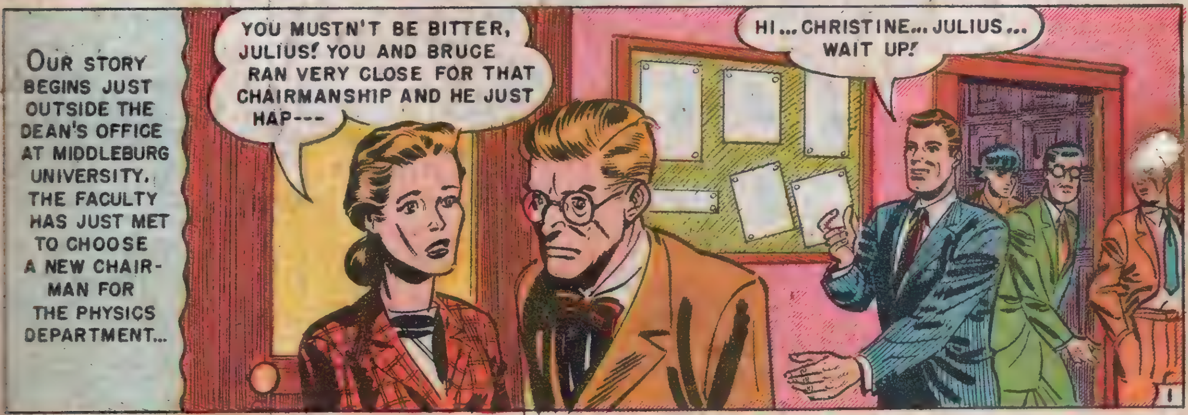
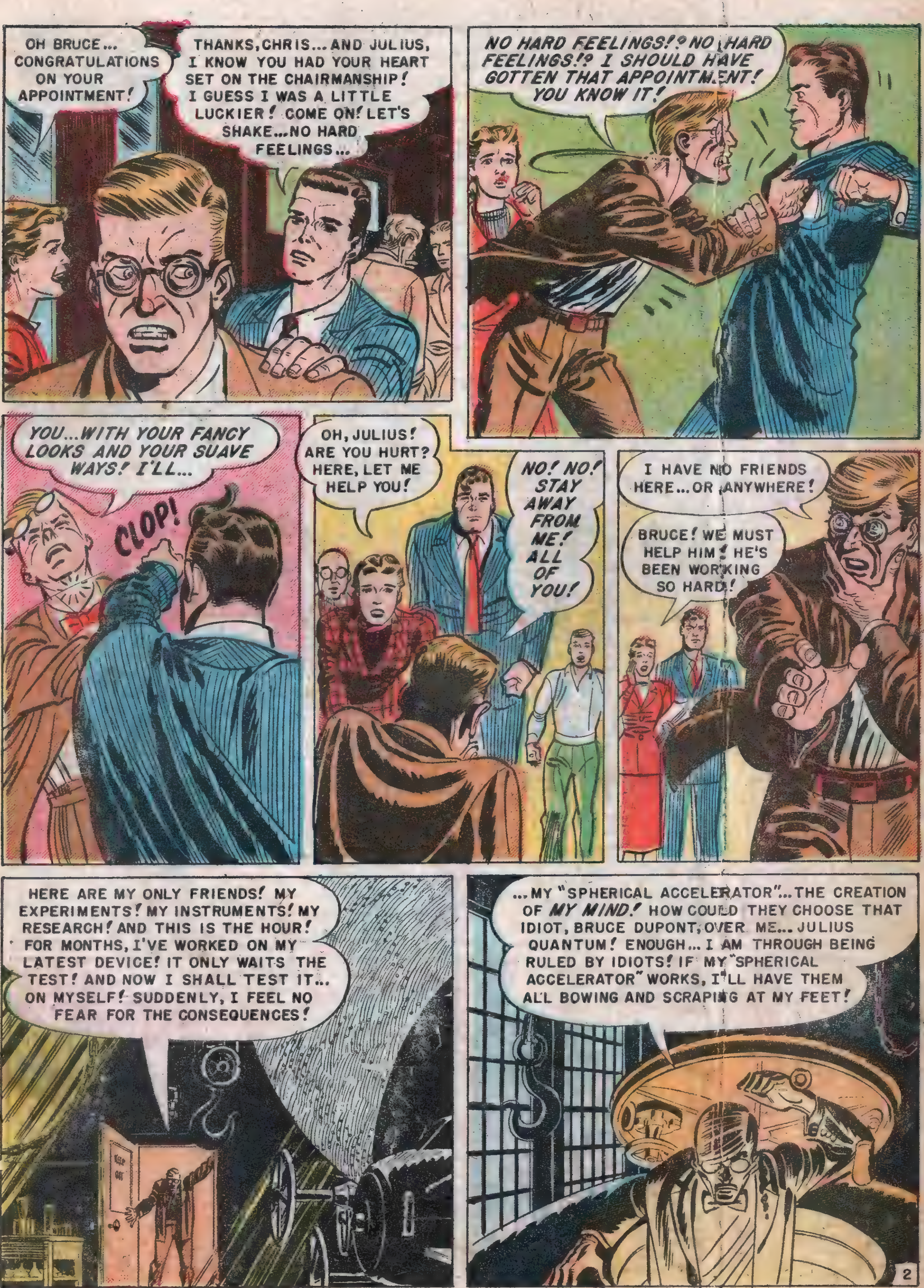

I CAN PLUCK A REVOLVER FROM A POLICEMAN'S HOLSTER, FIRE A BULLET AT A MAN'S HEAD...

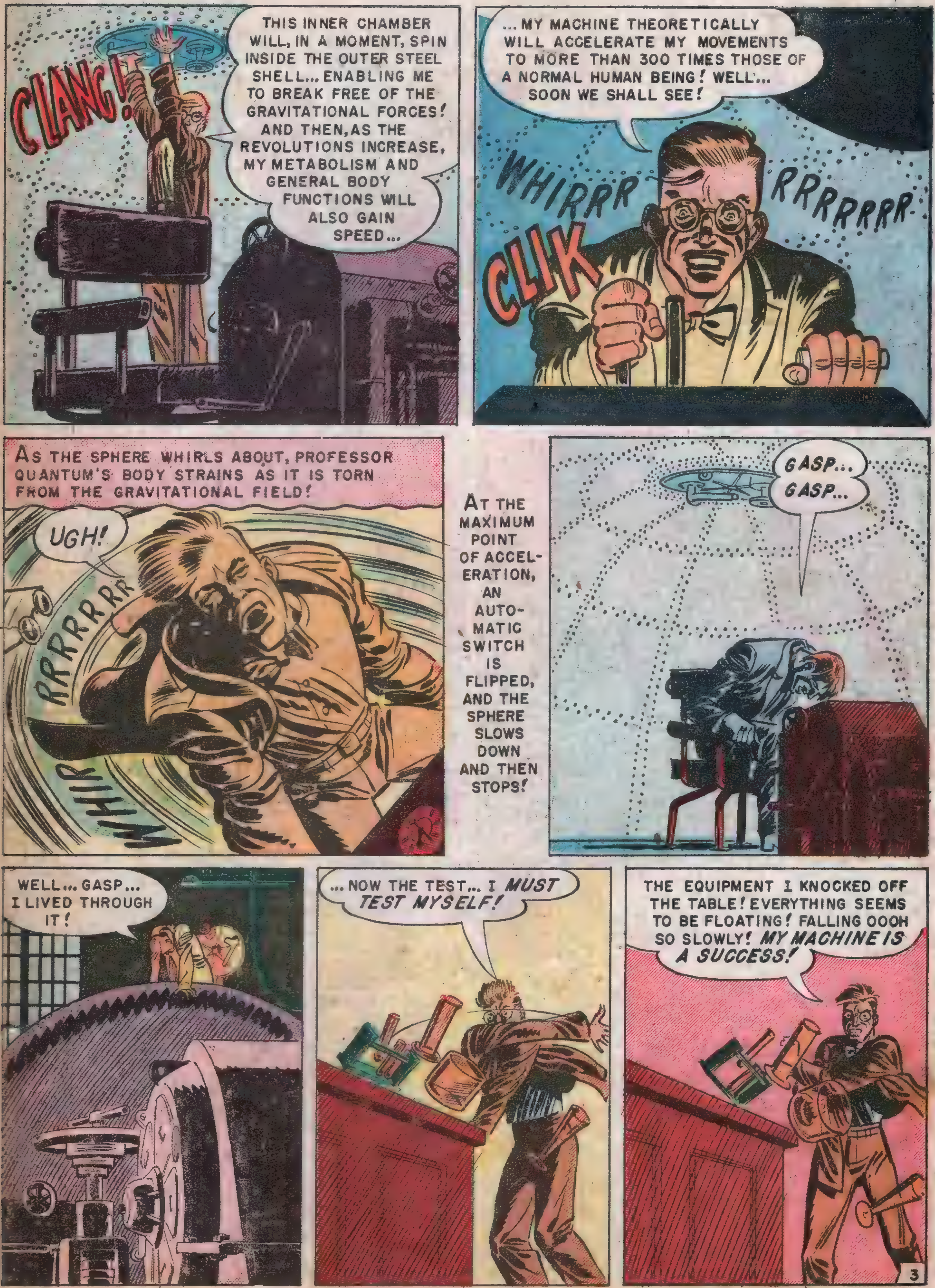

... AND BEFORE THE BULLET HAS REACHED HIS BRAIN, I HAVE REPLACED THE PISTOL, AND AM GONE! YOU SEE... I AM...

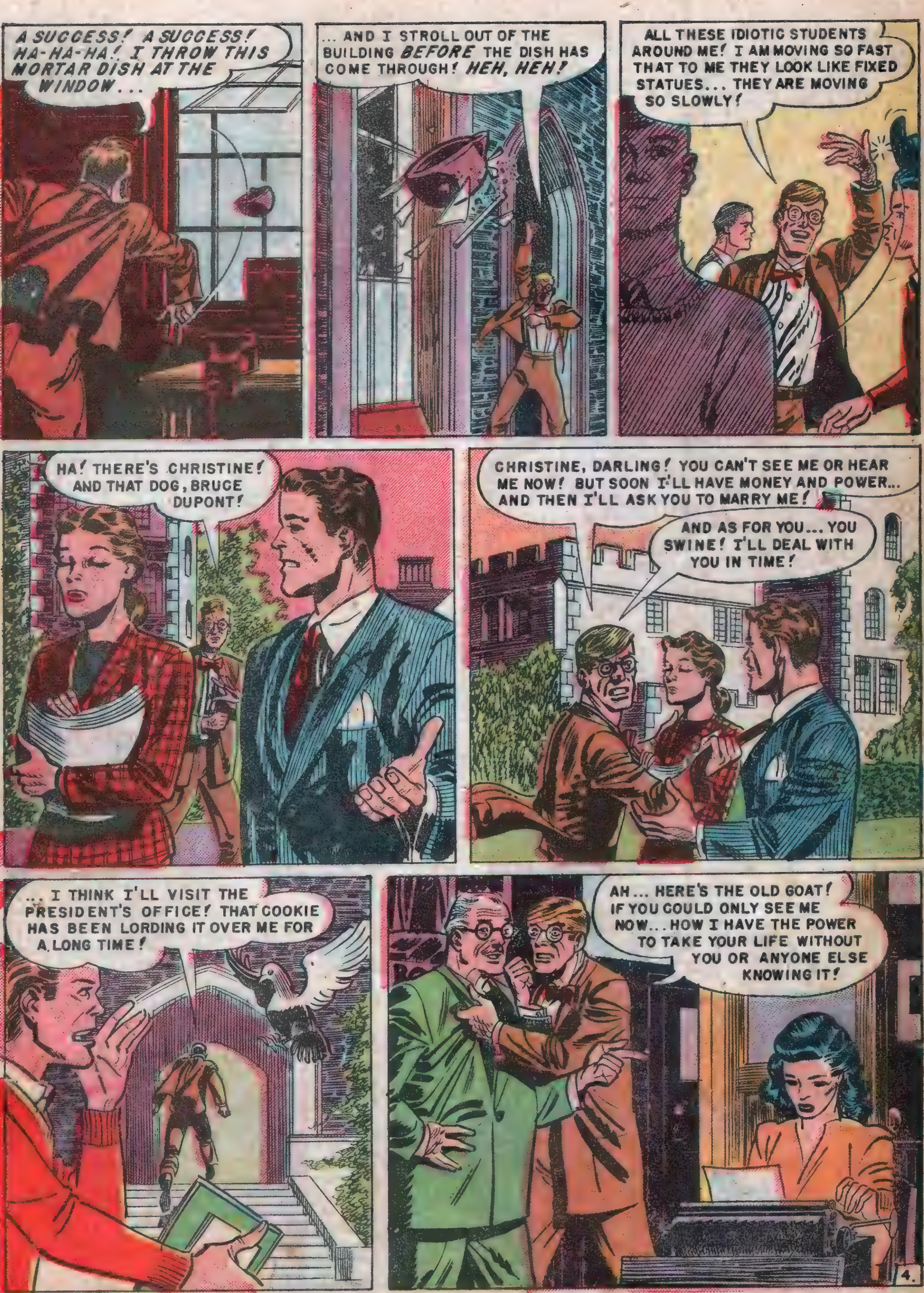
--THE MAN WHO RACED TIME

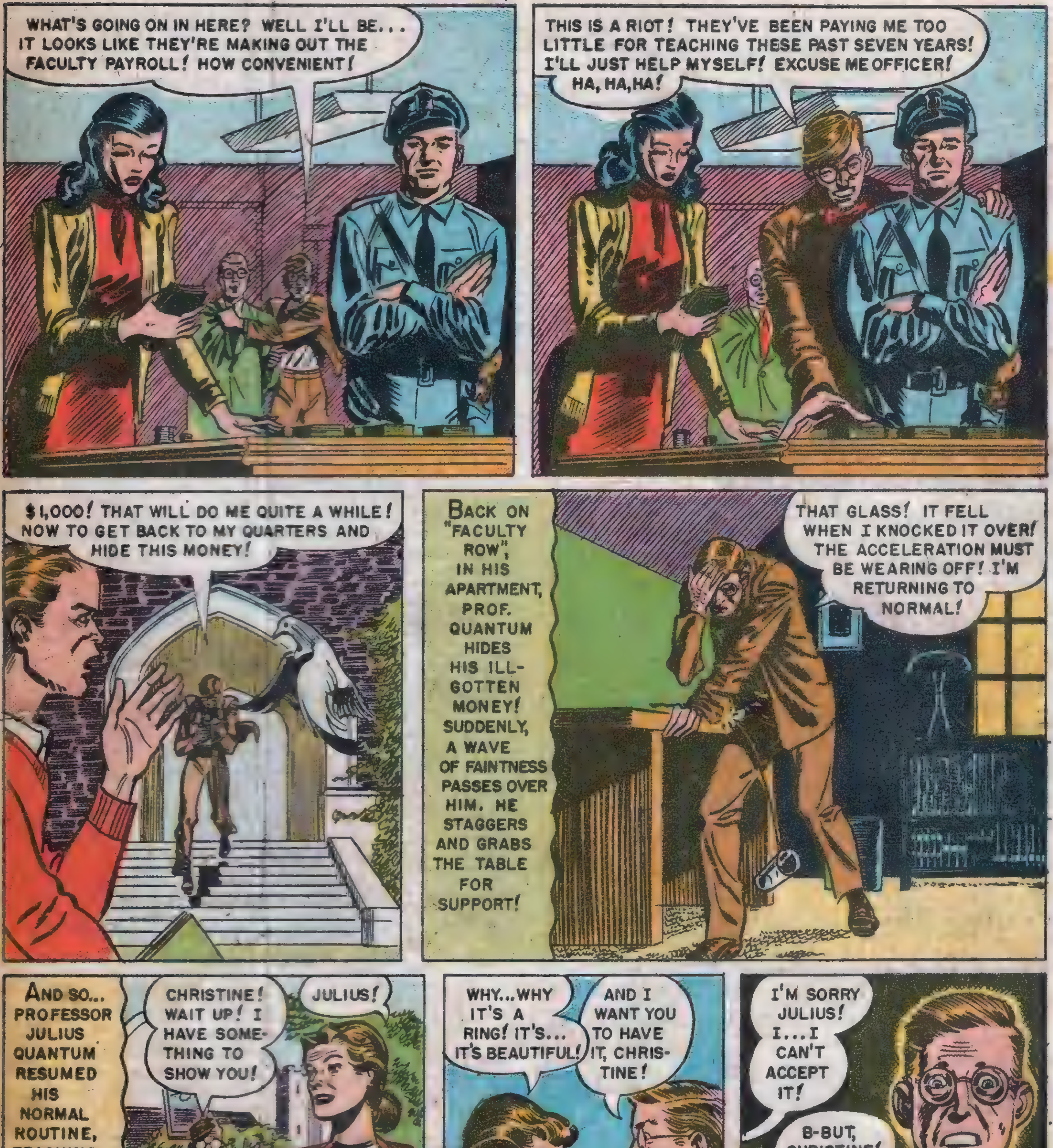


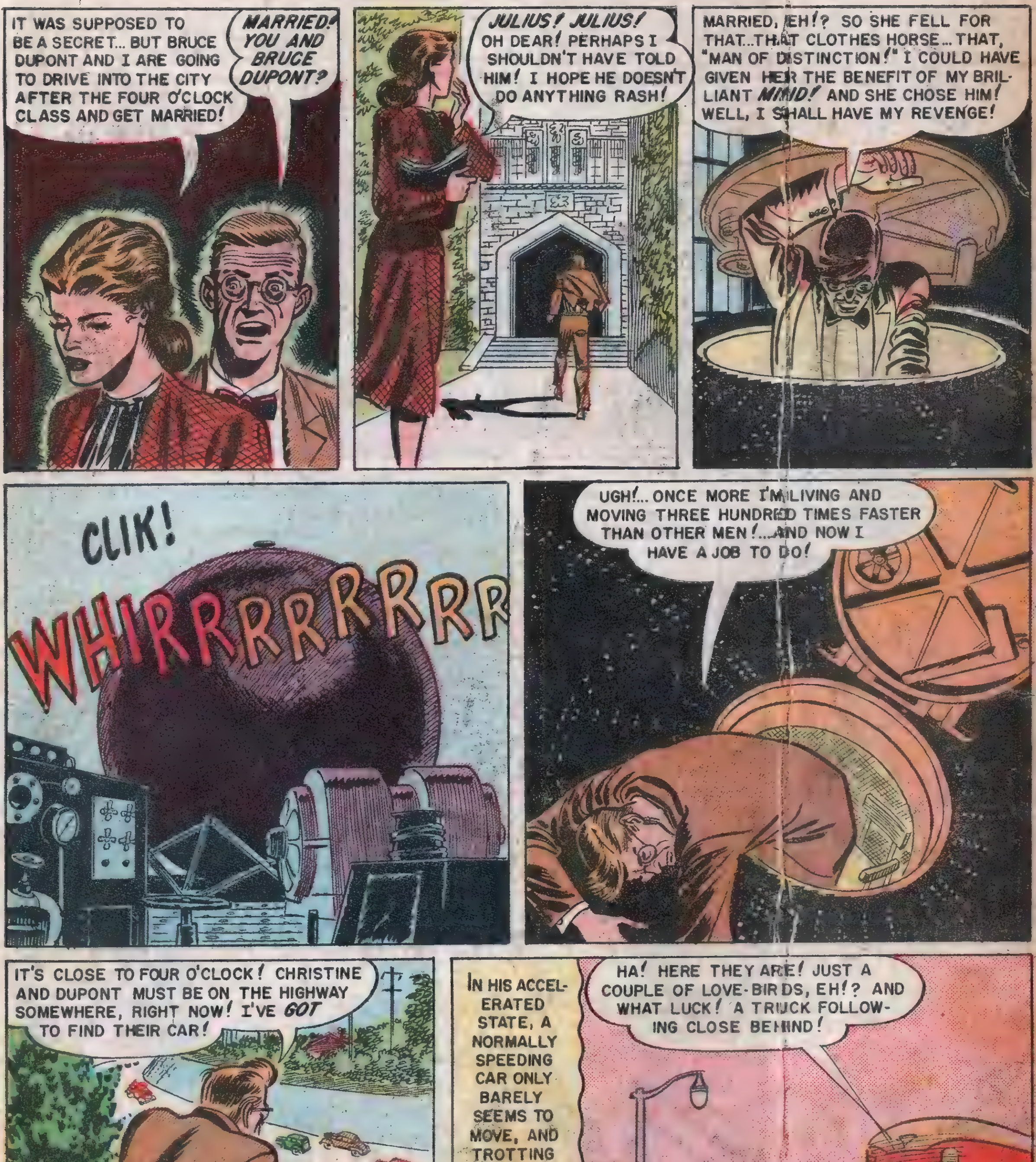

OUR STORY BEGINS JUST OUTSIDE THE DEAN'S OFFICE AT MIDDLEBURG UNIVERSITY. THE FACULTY HAS JUST MET TO CHOOSE A NEW CHAIRMAN FOR THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT...
YOU MUSTN'T BE BITTER, JULIUS! YOU AND BRUCE RAN VERY CLOSE FOR THAT CHAIRMANSHIP AND HE JUST HAP---
HI... CHRISTINE... JULIUS... WAIT UP!

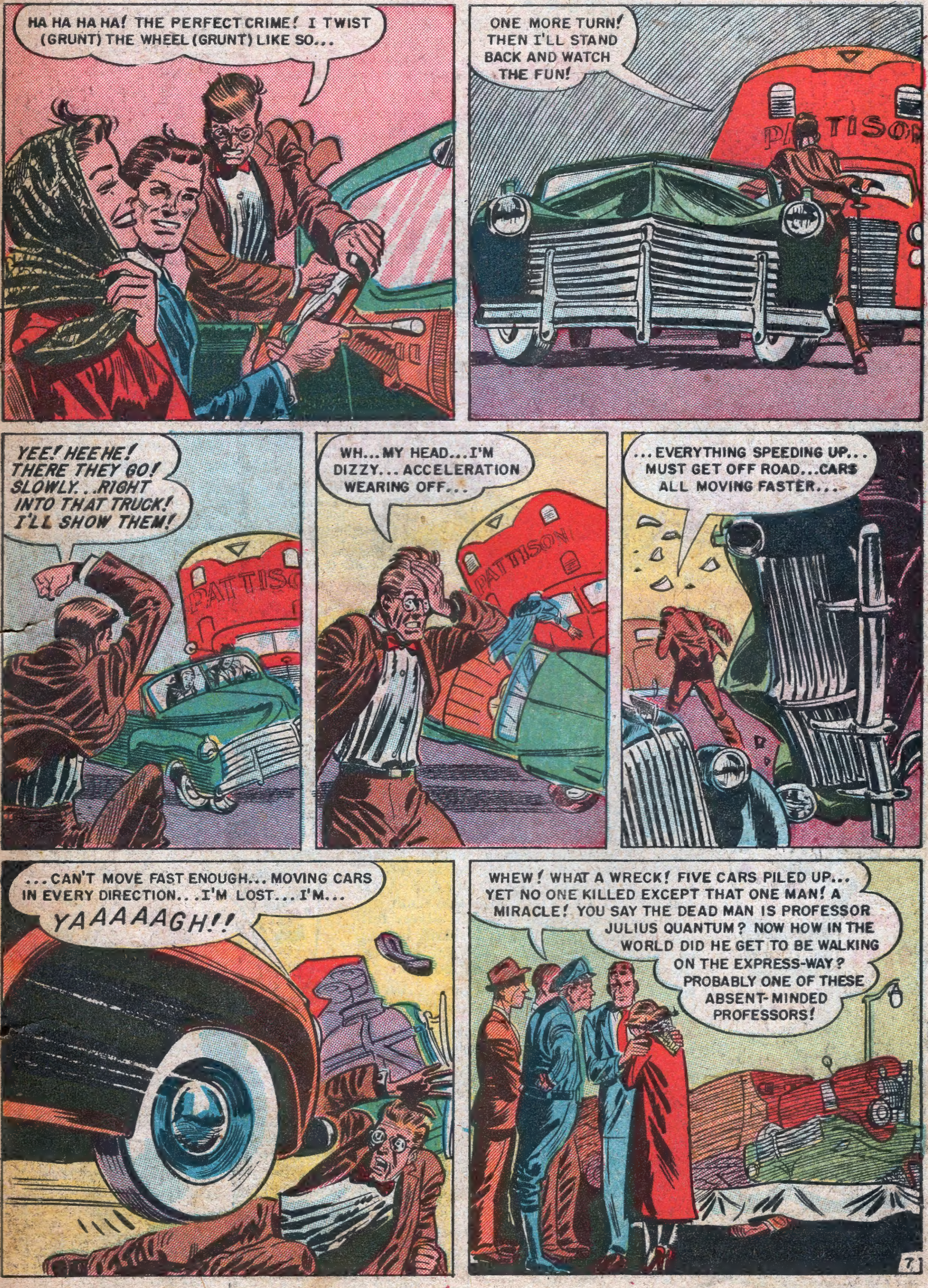

OH BRUCE... CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPOINTMENT!
THANKS, CHRIS... AND JULIUS, I KNOW YOU HAD YOUR HEART SET ON THE CHAIRMANSHIP! I GUESS I WAS A LITTLE LUCKIER! COME ON! LET'S SHAKE...NO HARD FEELINGS...
NO HARD FEELINGS!? NO HARD FEELINGS!? I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN THAT APPOINTMENT! YOU KNOW IT!
YOU...WITH YOUR FANCY LOOKS AND YOUR SUAVE WAYS! I'LL...
CLOP!
OH, JULIUS! ARE YOU HURT? HERE, LET ME HELP YOU!
NO! NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! ALL OF YOU!
I HAVE NO FRIENDS HERE...OR ANYWHERE!
BRUCE! WE MUST HELP HIM! HE'S BEEN WORKING SO HARD!
HERE ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS! MY EXPERIMENTS! MY INSTRUMENTS! MY RESEARCH! AND THIS IS THE HOUR! FOR MONTHS, I'VE WORKED ON MY LATEST DEVICE! IT ONLY WAITS THE TEST! AND NOW I SHALL TEST IT... ON MYSELF! SUDDENLY, I FEEL NO FEAR FOR THE CONSEQUENCES!
KEEP OUT
...MY "SPHERICAL ACCELERATOR"... THE CREATION OF MY MIND! HOW COULD THEY CHOOSE THAT IDIOT, BRUCE DUPONT, OVER ME... JULIUS QUANTUM! ENOUGH... I AM THROUGH BEING RULED BY IDIOTS! IF MY "SPHERICAL ACCELERATOR" WORKS, I'LL HAVE THEM ALL BOWING AND SCRAPING AT MY FEET!


CLANG!
THIS INNER CHAMBER WILL, IN A MOMENT, SPIN INSIDE THE OUTER STEEL SHELL... ENABLING ME TO BREAK FREE OF THE GRAVITATIONAL FORCES! AND THEN, AS THE REVOLUTIONS INCREASE, MY METABOLISM AND GENERAL BODY FUNCTIONS WILL ALSO GAIN SPEED...
...MY MACHINE THEORETICALLY WILL ACCELERATE MY MOVEMENTS TO MORE THAN 300 TIMES THOSE OF A NORMAL HUMAN BEING! WELL... SOON WE SHALL SEE!
WHIRRRR
RRRRRRRR
CLIK
AS THE SPHERE WHIRLS ABOUT, PROFESSOR QUANTUM'S BODY STRAINS AS IT IS TORN FROM THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD!
UGH!
RRRRRRRRRRR
WHIR
AT THE MAXIMUM POINT OF ACCELERATION, AN AUTOMATIC SWITCH IS FLIPPED, AND THE SPHERE SLOWS DOWN AND THEN STOPS!
GASP... GASP...
WELL... GASP... I LIVED THROUGH IT!
...NOW THE TEST... I *MUST TEST MYSELF!*
THE EQUIPMENT I KNOCKED OFF THE TABLE! EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FLOATING! FALLING OOOH SO SLOWLY! *MY MACHINE IS A SUCCESS!*


A SUCCESS! A SUCCESS! HA-HA-HA! I THROW THIS MORTAR DISH AT THE WINDOW...
... AND I STROLL OUT OF THE BUILDING *BEFORE* THE DISH HAS COME THROUGH! *HEH, HEH!*
ALL THESE IDIOTIC STUDENTS AROUND ME! I AM MOVING SO FAST THAT TO ME THEY LOOK LIKE FIXED STATUES... THEY ARE MOVING SO SLOWLY!
HA! THERE'S CHRISTINE! AND THAT DOG, BRUCE DUPONT!
CHRISTINE, DARLING! YOU CAN'T SEE ME OR HEAR ME NOW! BUT SOON I'LL HAVE MONEY AND POWER... AND THEN I'LL ASK YOU TO MARRY ME!
AND AS FOR YOU... YOU SWINE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU IN TIME!
... I THINK I'LL VISIT THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE! THAT COOKIE HAS BEEN LORDING IT OVER ME FOR A LONG TIME!
AH... HERE'S THE OLD GOAT! IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW... HOW I HAVE THE POWER TO TAKE YOUR LIFE WITHOUT YOU OR ANYONE ELSE KNOWING IT!


WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE? WELL I'LL BE... IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE MAKING OUT THE FACULTY PAYROLL! HOW CONVENIENT!
THIS IS A RIOT! THEY'VE BEEN PAYING ME TOO LITTLE FOR TEACHING THESE PAST SEVEN YEARS! I'LL JUST HELP MYSELF! EXCUSE ME OFFICER!
HA, HA, HA!
$1,000! THAT WILL DO ME QUITE A WHILE! NOW TO GET BACK TO MY QUARTERS AND HIDE THIS MONEY!
BACK ON "FACULTY ROW", IN HIS APARTMENT, PROF. QUANTUM HIDES HIS ILL-GOTTEN MONEY! SUDDENLY, A WAVE OF FAINTNESS PASSES OVER HIM. HE STAGGERS AND GRABS THE TABLE FOR SUPPORT!
THAT GLASS! IT FELL WHEN I KNOCKED IT OVER! THE ACCELERATION MUST BE WEARING OFF! I'M RETURNING TO NORMAL!
AND SO... PROFESSOR JULIUS QUANTUM RESUMED HIS NORMAL ROUTINE, TEACHING HIS PHYSICS CLASSES AND WORKING FURIOUSLY BY HIMSELF IN THE LAB. AND THEN... A FEW DAYS LATER... ON THE CAMPUS...
CHRISTINE! WAIT UP! I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!
JULIUS!
WHY... WHY IT'S A RING! IT'S... IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
AND I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT, CHRISTINE!
I'M SORRY JULIUS! I... I CAN'T ACCEPT IT!
B-BUT, CHRISTINE! WHY?

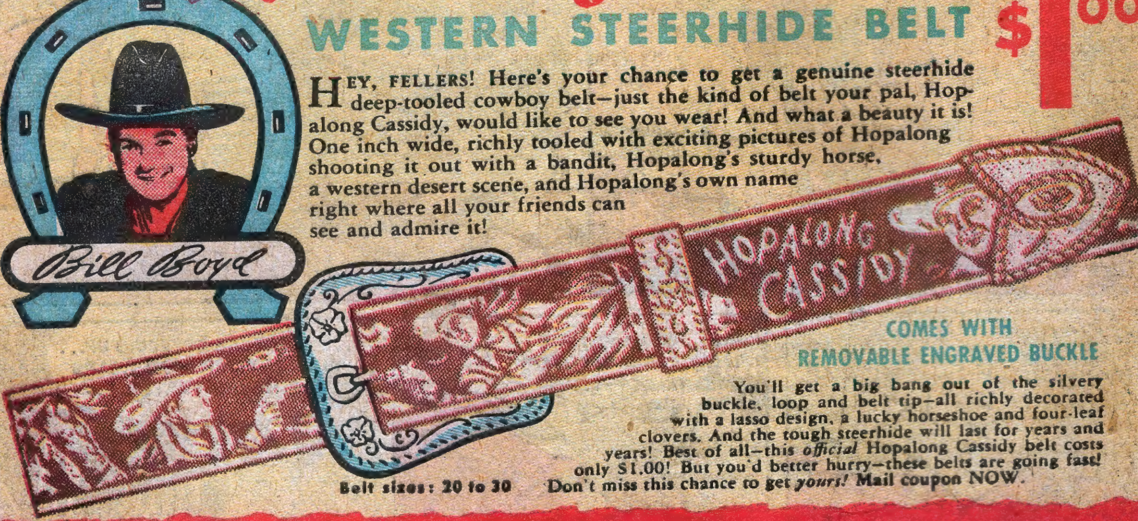

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET... BUT BRUCE DUPONT AND I ARE GOING TO DRIVE INTO THE CITY AFTER THE FOUR O'CLOCK CLASS AND GET MARRIED!
MARRIED! YOU AND BRUCE DUPONT?
JULIUS! JULIUS! OH DEAR! PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD HIM! I HOPE HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING RASH!
MARRIED, EH!? SO SHE FELL FOR THAT...THAT CLOTHES HORSE... THAT, "MAN OF DISTINCTION!" I COULD HAVE GIVEN HER THE BENEFIT OF MY BRILLIANT MIND! AND SHE CHOSE HIM! WELL, I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE!
CLIK!
WHIRRRRRRRR
UGH!... ONCE MORE I'M LIVING AND MOVING THREE HUNDRED TIMES FASTER THAN OTHER MEN!...AND NOW I HAVE A JOB TO DO!
IT'S CLOSE TO FOUR O'CLOCK! CHRISTINE AND DUPONT MUST BE ON THE HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE, RIGHT NOW! I'VE GOT TO FIND THEIR CAR!
IN HIS ACCELERATED STATE, A NORMALLY SPEEDING CAR ONLY BARELY SEEMS TO MOVE, AND TROTTING FROM CAR TO CAR, PROF. QUANTUM SOON SEES THE AUTOMOBILE HE'S LOOKING FOR!
HA! HERE THEY ARE! JUST A COUPLE OF LOVE-BIRDS, EH!? AND WHAT LUCK! A TRUCK FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND!


HA HA HA HA! THE PERFECT CRIME! I TWIST (GRUNT) THE WHEEL (GRUNT) LIKE SO...
ONE MORE TURN! THEN I'LL STAND BACK AND WATCH THE FUN!
PATTISON
YEE! HEE HE! THERE THEY GO! SLOWLY...RIGHT INTO THAT TRUCK! I'LL SHOW THEM!
PATTISON
WH...MY HEAD...I'M DIZZY...ACCELERATION WEARING OFF...
PATTISON
...EVERYTHING SPEEDING UP... MUST GET OFF ROAD...CARS ALL MOVING FASTER...
...CAN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH... MOVING CARS IN EVERY DIRECTION...I'M LOST...I'M... YAAAAAGH!!
WHEW! WHAT A WRECK! FIVE CARS PILED UP... YET NO ONE KILLED EXCEPT THAT ONE MAN! A MIRACLE! YOU SAY THE DEAD MAN IS PROFESSOR JULIUS QUANTUM? NOW HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE GET TO BE WALKING ON THE EXPRESS-WAY? PROBABLY ONE OF THESE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSORS!

GEE WHIZ! JUST LOOK AT THIS

Hopalong Cassidy

WESTERN STEERHIDE BELT $1.00



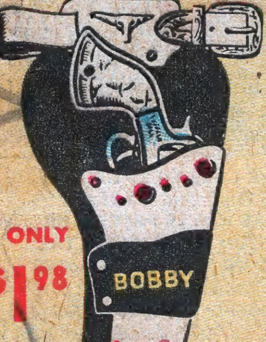
HEY, FELLERS! Here's your chance to get a genuine steerhide deep-tooled cowboy belt—just the kind of belt your pal, Hopalong Cassidy, would like to see you wear! And what a beauty it is! One inch wide, richly tooled with exciting pictures of Hopalong shooting it out with a bandit, Hopalong's sturdy horse, a western desert scene, and Hopalong's own name right where all your friends can see and admire it!

COMES WITH REMOVABLE ENGRAVED BUCKLE

You'll get a big bang out of the silvery buckle, loop and belt tip—all richly decorated with a lasso design, a lucky horseshoe and four-leaf clovers. And the tough steerhide will last for years and years! Best of all—this *official* Hopalong Cassidy belt costs only $1.00! But you'd better hurry—these belts are going fast! Don't miss this chance to get *yours!* Mail coupon NOW.

Belt sizes: 20 to 30

AND HOW ABOUT THESE RIP SNORTIN' "YOUR NAME-ON-IT" GUN & HOLSTER SETS

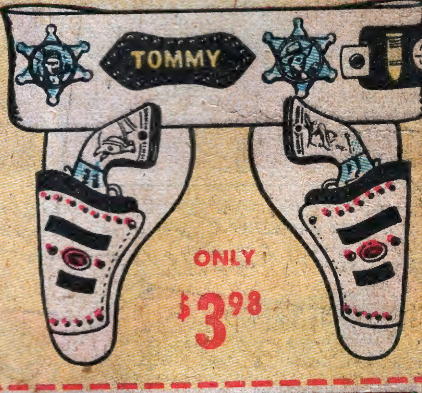


ONLY $1.98

Say, pardner—No two-fisted, two-gun cowboy ever had a fancier pair of shootin' irons than these Purple Sage Gun & Holster sets! They're real knockouts! Guns are all-metal 50-shot repeaters—with ivory color pistol grips. Lots of fancy figures and 'jewels' on the grips, too . . . just like a real cowboy's gun. And you've never seen such snappy-looking holsters. Made of genuine western leather . . . with YOUR VERY OWN NAME *(up to 6 letters)* on it in RAISED SOLID BRASS AND NICKELED LETTERS! But that's not all! 2-gun belt has simulated jewels, silvery bullets, 2 border patrol stars, 2 sheriff badges, engraved buckle! 1-gun belt has nickeled steerhead decoration, engraved buckle!

SINGLE SET: includes holster, gun and belt . . . . only $1.98

DOUBLE SET: includes 2 holsters, 2 guns, belt . . . only $3.98



ONLY $3.98

SEND NO MONEY

Just pick any item(s) you want, fill out the coupon and mail it to us. When the postman delivers your Hopalong Cassidy Belt or Purple Sage Gun & Holster Sets, pay him the prices indicated, plus postage and handling charges. Then, if you're not thrilled with your purchase, return it to us within 10 days—and we'll send your money back. You'd have to roam far and wide before you could round up real bargains like these—so don't delay! Real cowboys act fast! Mail coupon NOW.

JUNIOR SHERIFF

FREE

Order any item on this page—and you will receive, FREE, this official Junior Sheriff Badge

FOSTER PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. HG-3
170 Wooster Street, New York 12, N. Y.

Free with your order—Junior Sheriff Badge

Rush me the item(s) I have indicated below. On arrival, I will pay postman the prices indicated, plus postage and handling charges. If not thrilled with my purchase, I may return it within 10 days and you will send my money back. Belt Size ______

☐ **HOPALONG CASSIDY WESTERN BELT** ______ $1.00
☐ **SINGLE PURPLE SAGE GUN & HOLSTER SET** ______ $1.98
☐ **DOUBLE PURPLE SAGE GUN & HOLSTER SET** ______ $3.98

Put the following first name on my Purple Sage Holster-Belt.

(No more than six letters.) ______

Name ______

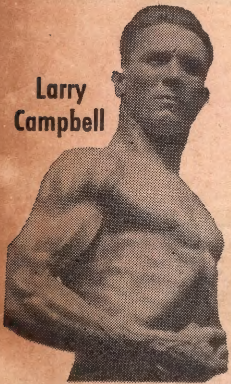
Address ______

City ______ Zone ______ State ______

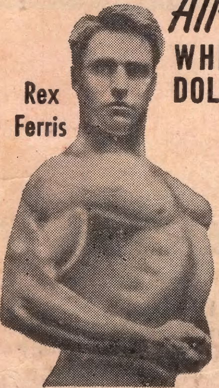
☐ Check here if you enclose money with coupon. WE pay all postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home?

Larry Campbell



Rex Ferris



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

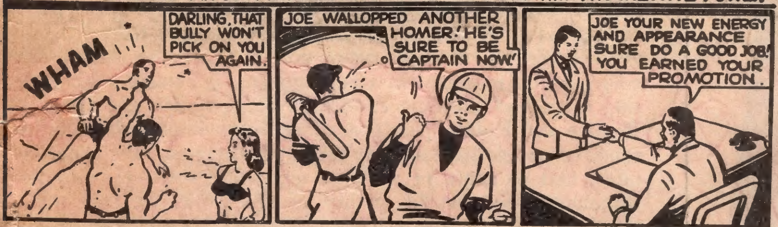
AMAZING
get acquainted offer!
. . . Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses
YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**
Instead of $1.00
plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A *WINNER* AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH *PROGRESSIVE POWER*


WHAM
DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.
JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY —WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—If you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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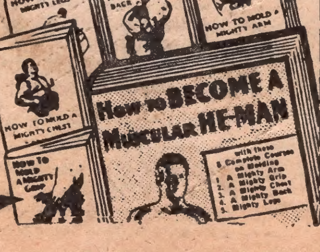
whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." ● World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 ● World's weight lifting champion at 19 ● Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world ● Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many other world records!

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF . . .

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast — REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at $5 each). Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only **10c** PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.


HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
How to BECOME A MUSCULAR HE-MAN
with these 5 Complete Courses on Molding
1. A Mighty Arm
2. A Mighty Grip
3. A Mighty Chest
4. A Mighty Back
5. Mighty Legs

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Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME______________________________AGE________
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

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Send Any Photo For Beautiful 5x7 Inch ENLARGEMENT On This SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER! Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish ENLARGEMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame

Here's What to Do:—SEND NO MONEY! Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19c each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness.* Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. *NOTE: Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with photo or negative today before offer is withdrawn.

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Enclosed find.............................snapshot or negative.
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make..........................Enlargement and Frame.
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY.................................. ( ) STATE...............
(Zone)

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1
Hair ....
Eyes ....
Clothing ....

COLOR—Picture No. 2
Hair ....
Eyes ....
Clothing ....